

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

OCTOBER 25, 1941

WHO'S WHO

HON. ROBERT BRENNAN has been Minister from Eire to the United States since 1938. He was Secretary of the Washington Legation since 1934, and succeeded Michael MacWhite. In 1916, he was leader of the Nationalist revolt in County Wexford, was condemned to death, was condemned to penal servitude for life, was released. During the "troubles" with England, he was Secretary of the Department of External Affairs. By early profession, he is a journalist. Though so long engaged in the struggle against Great Britain for complete Irish independence, Mr. Brennan denies absolutely that he and President de Valera predicate their stand for peace and neutrality on the basis of hostility to England. As responsible statesmen, they seek the good of their own nation. . . . LILLIAN BARKER, as stated last week, knows the Dionnes and Quints better than any other writer, knows better than any other all of the details of the long battle for custody. She is the author of *The Quints Have a Family*. . . . FIRST WARD COUNCILMAN has written many stories for these columns on small-town government. Back in the uniform of his country, he has been ordered away from home but finds himself again in a seaside environment in another "Fifteen-Thousand Population Town"—of the size but not the character of the one concerning which he has been writing. . . . JOHN A. TOOMEY, associate editor, has been a close student of current propaganda. He founded and has been identified with the United Catholic Organizations Press Relations Committee. . . . JAMES A. DALY, S.J., was Literary Editor of AMERICA thirty years ago, and has continued to be a valued contributor. His pre-eminence as a literary critic is universally recognized.

THIS WEEK

COMMENT	58
GENERAL ARTICLES	
Ireland Stands United for Peace and Neutrality Hon. Robert Brennan	61
Dionne Wins Control Over His Five Girls Lillian Barker	63
Rooting Gangsters Out of Government First Ward Councilman	66
Hollywood Has a Monopoly of Free Speech in the Movies.....John A. Toomey	68
EDITORIALS	70
Labor's Choice . . . Destroy Hitler . . . Crisis in Japan . . . The Poll of the Clergy . . . The Radio Ghost . . . Pay What Thou Owest.	
LITERATURE AND ARTS	
Conscience Among the Books.....James J. Daly	73
BOOKS	75
The Educational Philosophy of National Socialism John LaFarge	
The History of Public Welfare in New York State 1867-1940.	
SOCIAL WELFARE IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. Benjamin L. Masse	
Secret History of the American Revolution Paul L. Blakely	
THEATRE	78
FILMS	79
MUSIC	80
CORRESPONDENCE	81
EVENTS	84

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COMMENT

CONFIDENTIAL instructions, according to *News-week* and other sources, have just been sent to key leaders of the American Communists. These are preparatory for a possible change in the Party line. When Stalin stood united with Hitler, the American Comrades shouted against American participation in the War, even against the accelerated American defense program. When Hitler disunited from Stalin, the Comrades shouted for American intervention and the total destruction of Hitler. Now, Moscow is being encircled, Leningrad is falling, Odessa is captured. The Russian armies are being rapidly annihilated and the Russian military force is being paralyzed. Whither the course, in the very near future, of Stalin and the Communist regime? Shall they conclude an armistice with Germany, or shall they continue a guerilla warfare? At this writing, either course seems possible. But the Communist leaders here are being educated for either decision. The secret instructions sound the keynote that this is a bourgeoisie war, anyway, that the United States and Great Britain are seeking capitalistic advantages, that our friendship for the Soviets is insincere, that "anti-Soviet propaganda here is just being held in abeyance," etc. And again, it is hinted that Great Britain let Russia down in its heroic battle against the Nazis. Where Stalin will stand, there will stand the American Comrades.

BUSINESS as usual, in time of national emergency, may show a very admirable spirit of keeping the chin up, but it may also manifest a stupid lack of realization of facts. The President has more than once begged the American people to waken to the seriousness of the situation, but we are forced to ask if the heads themselves of the various Government agencies and boards know that we are in an actual emergency. Take this situation, for example, if you want to see how impractical much of the planning is. Publishers, we understand, have recently been informed by the OPM that next year they will be allowed to order paper only up to two-thirds of this year's tonnage. Yet, at the same time, the Government is ordering millions of pamphlets and booklets advertising the National Parks. It is no doubt admirable to plant a yearning for the great outdoors in the hearts of urbanized Americans, to make them realize the beauties of our country—but not now, not when we are girding ourselves for a gigantic national effort of defense. It is not essential that the people know this year all about the Yellowstone or Mount Ranier, but it is vitally important that paper be conserved for use by authors and publishers who can keep alive our American tradition of freedom of discussion. If important papers and journals are forced to close

up shop this coming year, the fault will lie squarely with some Washington unrealists, who want to keep serving us the cream-puffs of normal days, when we have to grow strong on the bread of sacrifice.

DEPLORABLE, in the opinion of John P. Frey, head of the A.F. of L. Metal Trades department and secretary of the resolutions committee, was the mention at the Seattle convention of racial discrimination within the union. The facts on this amply evidenced and scandalous situation were brought out into the open by A. Phillip Randolph of the Brotherhood of Pullman Car Porters, in a speech which aroused "great cheers." Mr. Randolph stated bluntly that Negro workers in the Ford factory during the strike there "did not see why they should sign up with the A.F. of L. when the A.F. of L. admits it cannot do anything to remove discrimination practised by some of its internationals." He called on Mr. Frey with regard to the situation in the shipyards; upon Harvey W. Brown, president of the International Association of Machinists; mentioned the carpenters and painters, and passed the ball to other organizations which were "defying the executive order of President Roosevelt against discrimination in national defense work." Mr. Frey deplored these discussions for fear they would prejudice the work of organization. But the raising of the issue should not and certainly need not imply hostility to labor or to the Federation itself. All union men, without exception, have a common interest, as have all Americans, in annulling the effects of "race prejudice and its attendant discriminations in industrial defense programs"—to quote a statement signed earlier in the year by national labor and industrial leaders. The surest unionization program is one that rests upon uncompromising honesty and justice.

THE REPORT of General Hershey on rejections under the Selective Service Act is most disturbing. These rejections have reached the astonishing total of 1,000,000 youths, nearly fifty-per-cent of all those examined. Since about one-fifth of the rejected men were certified by local draft boards as being susceptible of rehabilitation, President Roosevelt ordered measures to be taken immediately to fit these men for service. According to this program, some 200,000 rejected draftees will receive the necessary medical and dental treatment from their family doctors at the expense of the Federal Government. The President announced further that this emergency measure was only the first objective in a long-range program to remove the causes of this deplorable condition. In the rich-

est country of the world, with an educational system that certainly does not minimize recreation, this disclosure of the physical and mental deficiency of our youth comes as a most mortifying shock.

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MOVES toward war continued. . . . Six Republican members of the House Foreign Affairs Committee issued a minority report on the Administration's bill to arm American merchant ships. The report declared "the steps toward war are coming faster . . . as surely as night follows day, an overwhelming vote for arming ships will be followed by a proposal striking down the remainder of our neutrality or peace laws." Instead of arming our ships, we should lease-lend them to Britain, the report recommended. . . . The full truth concerning the United States destroyer *Greer's* brush with a submarine in the zone blockaded by the Germans was brought to light as a result of questions put to the Navy Department by Senator Walsh. The Navy revealed that a British plane played a part in the affair, dropping four depth charges in the vicinity of the submerged submarine. Commenting on the fuller information, not released by the Navy Department previously, Arthur Krock said that "many will now conclude that the submarine commander thought he had been attacked first." The prodding of the Navy Department by the Senate showed "the value of a legislative check on the Executive . . .," Mr. Krock stated. . . . Former Governor Alfred E. Smith called on the people "to back up the Administration in all its foreign policies." . . . The *Daily Worker*, Communist organ, urged immediate American participation in the war. . . . The British War Relief Society launched *Salute*, a new magazine, to be distributed by 1,000 offices of the society throughout the United States. . . . Herbert Agar, editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, advocated "war—preferably tomorrow." . . . Meeting in Washington, the Continental Congress for Freedom, sponsored by the Fight for Freedom Committee, passed a resolution calling for a declaration of war against Germany.

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OPPOSITION to war persisted. . . . Congressman John Taber declared President Roosevelt should deal frankly with the public and admit his foreign policy is involving the nation in war. "We cannot expect to escort shipping through 600 Axis submarines in the Atlantic without getting into the conflict," the Congressman maintained. . . . Addressing the A. F. of L. convention, Bishop Gerald Shaughnessy, of Seattle, warned against friendship with Russia. With regard to the Lindbergh suggestion that the 1942 elections might be called off, Bishop Shaughnessy urged citizens to be on their guard and "not laugh off as silly such a suggestion. By such laughter Hitler rose to the power he wields today." . . . A telegram from John T. Flynn to the House Foreign Affairs Committee protested the "design to stifle discussion on and to railroad this bill which is designed not to protect American ships but to get us into this war." . . . Telegraphed

President Felix Morley of Haverford College: "The Administration has gone too far to make presentation of my viewpoint of practical value in these improperly abbreviated hearings." . . . In a poll of Catholic clergymen throughout the country, 12,038 priests opposed United States entry into a shooting war outside the Western Hemisphere, 885 priests favored such entry. 11,860 priests voted against United States aid to the Communistic Russian Government, 967 priests voted for such aid. . . . General Robert E. Wood, America First Committee national chairman, declared President Roosevelt was striving to change the Neutrality Act to implement "the war party's need for a series of incendiary incidents" needed because "the American people have remained properly indifferent to the sinking of Panamanian registry vessels."

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CLAIMS the *Writer's Digest* for October: "Every (good) American thinks first" about sex, love and passion, when casting about for reading matter. We hate to think that this is true; in fact, we know a lot of good Americans who do no such thing. But that "master book salesman," Haldeman-Julius, who publishes the *Little Blue Books*, lists these three categories as most popular in his 1941 catalog of 1,761 titles. And over a period of years he has peddled several hundred million of these little packages of poison. We do not like poison, even in blue covers, and we think a warning signal should be raised. Mr. Haldeman-Julius does not like our regard for the pure-food act, as applied to reading, and thinks we hate freedom of speech. But as a mere matter of practical expediency, would it not be a great move for national morale if all the *Little Blue Book* paper could be put to decent use? Blueprints for many a battleship could be drawn on the paper that now is being used for blueprints for bawdiness.

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NOTHING reveals more starkly the fundamental dislocation of our economic machine than a recent release of the Federal Security Agency. According to Paul V. McNutt, State employment services found jobs for 509,700 people during the month of August. This brought the total placements for the year to over 3,500,000. Despite this large increase of employment, there remained on the active files of these State employment agencies over four and one-half million names. Since lay-offs resulting from shortages of material and equipment will probably increase from now on, it seems that we have absorbed as many of the unemployed as possible. In other words, under our present industrial system, no solution of the problem of unemployment is in sight. Once peace returns to the world, our nation will have to devote its best energies for years to come toward finding some answer to this most exasperating of contemporary problems. Until we devise an economic order in which every able-bodied man who wants to work can find a job, the American pledge of Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness is not worth the paper it is written on.

IN succession to Lorenzo Cardinal Lauri, who died last week, Nicola Cardinal Canali was appointed on October 15 Grand Penitentiary by Pope Pius XII. Cardinal Canali is also President of the Pontifical Commission of Cardinals for the Government of Vatican City. The Grand Penitentiary is the Cardinal priest who presides over the Sacred Apostolic Penitentiaria, which is the Roman "Court of Mercy," dealing with absolutions, dispensations and indulgences and deciding cases of conscience.

DISPATCHES from Bogota of October 13 announced that negotiations with the Vatican on the relations between Church and State in Colombia have been completed. It is understood that the new agreement accepts the situation created in that country by the constitutional amendments of 1936, limiting the authority of the Church in educational matters, but the question of marriage remains unchanged.

ATTEMPTS to promote religious devotion by regimented practices are vigorously questioned by the Rev. Joseph C. Donovan, C.M., J.C.D., of Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis, writing in the October *Homiletic*. Says Father Donovan:

Outwardly what an imposing sight is presented by our children's Masses on Sundays! [Yet] vacation comes and a goodly minority are not found at Sunday Mass. A public high school is entered at the end of eighth grade (for a good reason or for no reason at all), and another minority, and even majority, within a year or so quit going to Mass altogether. . . . The system fails to do anything for the promising minority, and hardly anything in the way of saving to the Faith for the unpromising minority.

The author illustrates "the fallacy of the whole system of lock-step piety" by contrasting it with a genuine parish apostolate which considers the individual young.

CATHOLIC enterprise in opening a Service Club for colored soldiers at Fayetteville, N. C., received special praise from William H. Hastie, prominent Negro jurist and Civilian Aide to the Secretary of War. Said Mr. Hastie:

[This] is a gratifying beginning of the work projected by the N.C.C.S. as part of the United Service Organizations' program. Negro soldiers and their friends and families at home will all be heartened to know that plans for recreation in the civilian community are being realized.

In cities other than Fayetteville, it has been my pleasure to observe the way in which workers of the N.C.C.S. are progressing with their community work in the interest of colored soldiers even before recreation centers have been provided.

The club was sponsored by the National Catholic Community Service.

AT its thirty-sixth annual meeting in Chicago on November 18, the Catholic Church Extension society will review the activities of a year in which it collected and spent more than a million dollars for American missionary works. Between October 1, 1940 and October 1 of this year, the Extension society built more than 125 chapels, provided missionary bishops with over \$50,000 for the educa-

tion of priests, gave monthly grants of twenty-five dollars each to more than 150 priests in poor districts, and distributed 200,000 Mass intentions in poor dioceses. At its annual meeting the Society will revise its constitution to conform to the pattern followed by other Pontifical societies. The Most Rev. Samuel A. Stritch, Archbishop of Chicago, will be formally installed as the Society's new Chancellor.

CENTER of one of the most carefully planned rural diocesan apostolates in the country is White Church, in southeastern Missouri, where Father Dreisoerner, a stalwart young diocesan priest, carries on the work of his predecessor, the Rev. Aloysius Stumpf. Distinctive in the White Church plan is its combination of the intensive with the extensive apostolate. A vast rural area is visited by the apostolate's trailer chapel car, priestless counties are given the first sight of a Catholic priest and a Catholic service, while at the same time local missions are carefully organized from the main center and developed into parishes.

"VERSATILITY in the Vatican" might well title this note. In the first two years of his Pontificate, Pius XII has given 84 addresses in Italian, eighteen each in Latin and French, sixteen in Spanish, five in German, five in English and one in Portuguese. No racism there, save the most radical racism of all—that we are all one in Christ.

MOTHER of five Religious and relative of many others was Mrs. Frances Singer Brown, whose funeral Mass was celebrated in Baltimore on October 13 by her son, the Rev. J. Calvert Brown, S.J. His brother, the Rev. Vachel Brown, S.J., assisted. Mrs. Brown was the daughter of the late Capt. Thomas Singer, who was born in 1793. Her life and that of her father covered the administration of every President of the United States from George Washington to Franklin D. Roosevelt. Two of Mrs. Brown's sons are Jesuits; two daughters are Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul; another daughter is a Religious of the Sacred Heart. Her sister was a Sister of Charity; two of her nieces were nuns; a nephew was a Jesuit scholastic who died before ordination.

STRONG words were used in the resolutions of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference concerning large land holdings:

A democratic government will recognize all these vital functions of homes, rural communities and cities. It will help in the shaping of the democratic patterns of many homes, many ownerships, many self-reliant communities. It will break up concentrated land holdings, tax them out of existence by graduated land taxes. It will promote a family land tenure and land use, and exempt the farm home and farm improvements from taxation. It will help in the resettlement of families on family farms.

The Conference expressed the view that "more than half of our industrial families could have land sufficient for a family garden. Many could have an acre or two for part-time farming."

IRELAND STANDS UNITED FOR PEACE AND NEUTRALITY

HON. ROBERT BRENNAN

AT THE invitation of the Editor of AMERICA, I gladly avail myself of the opportunity to outline the attitude of Ireland toward the present international conflict.

It is only twenty years since Ireland, after a struggle which had lasted for centuries, achieved a partial measure of freedom. It was not altogether or mainly the fault of the Irish that there ensued a civil war which did nothing to help the country already bled almost white because of years of misgovernment and emigration. Finally, the people settled down to repair the damage caused by the ravages of the past, to reorganize their agricultural system, to develop an industrial arm, to improve the living standards of the people.

How well they wrought has been testified to by many observers. Notwithstanding the carrying out of a large and costly reconstruction scheme, an English critic, Mr. Horsfall Carter, was able to say that after seventeen years of self-government, the free portion of Ireland was in as healthy a condition as any in the world (*Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1938).

The people were sick of wars. They set their feet on the path of peace. There was to be no more civil strife. The small minorities right and left who would have forwarded their aims by the use of force were rudely pushed aside and found political oblivion. Participation in foreign wars was ruled out absolutely. The Irish desired no dominion save over their own island. Never since the fifth century had they sought to impose by force their way of life on other peoples. Empire was not for them. Indeed, so great was their aversion to strife that they even ruled out force to achieve the reintegration into the national territory of their own six counties of the North.

Voicing this passionate desire for peace, the Irish Government, many years before the war started, made it clear that Ireland would take no part in it. Practically, the only difference of opinion in the country on this stand was not on its wisdom or justice, but as to whether it could be maintained. It was, therefore, not surprising when the war broke out that the Government's formal declaration of neutrality was at once supported by every party in the Dail and Seanad.

There was not a single dissentient voice. The entire press of the country including papers regarded as pro-British agreed that no other policy was possible. Leaders in the Trade Unions and in the

academic, professional and commercial fields all strongly backed the Government. This means that possibly ninety-nine per cent of the people are united in the stand to keep out of this conflict. In Irish political life, there has never been such a unanimity of opinion on any question. Republicans, Nationalists, Unionists; Catholics, Protestants and Jews are all on the one side. In the two years that have elapsed since the war started, the people have become more and more determined to adhere to this policy.

Outside Ireland, this stand has been assailed by people who do not understand or do not want to understand the situation. I have heard Americans dwelling on the foolishness of Ireland's attitude, but it is hardly conceivable that, on a question so vitally affecting the interests of Ireland, all the Irish people should be wrong and a handful of people three thousand miles away should be right. If it is true that the fight is for the survival of democracy, surely when the Irish people spoke in such an unmistakable manner, it should have ended the matter. Americans would strongly resent any outside attack on their right to decide their own national policies.

Ireland's attitude has been misrepresented. It has been stated that her policy is dictated by hatred of England because of the persecutions meted out to the Irish people in the past. This is entirely erroneous. It is true that the Irish people have not forgotten the past, but when they recall it now, it is not in a spirit of bitterness or vindictiveness but as a justification of their hard-headed realism at the present time.

They do not like conquerors, benevolent or otherwise—indeed they would smile at the phrase "benevolent conqueror"—and they are not at all inclined to invite any of them to their shores. They say it took them more than seven centuries to get rid of the stranger in their house, and why should they invite him in again or anyone else to take his place. So far from harboring thoughts of bitterness and hatred, the Irishman is over-generous. Treat him rough and he will try and get back at you when and where he can. Treat him generously and he is over-generous in meeting your advances.

What is true of the individual is true of the nation. Since Ireland achieved partial freedom, the Government and people have given evidence of the national desire to live on amicable terms with

Great Britain. This has its roots not less in the generous impulses I have spoken of than in a common-sense realization of the facts of geography and economics. As long as time shall run, whatever changes the centuries may bring, these two islands, Ireland and Great Britain, will be neighbors and it would be utter folly to think of them living in a state of perpetual strife.

Because of all this, the policy of the Irish Government has been to remove by peaceful means all remaining causes of dissension between the two countries. It was with this object in mind, as much as to achieve the full independence of Ireland, that Mr. de Valera tried in 1938 to have the partition of Ireland ended. He had declared two and one-half years before (May 28, 1935) that "we are going to get our independence of Britain, but we are not going to allow our territory under any conditions whatever to be made use of by some foreign power as a basis of attack against Britain."

As I have said, the decision to remain neutral was made years before the war started and the Irish leaders left no one in doubt on that score. The fact was well known to the British Government at the time the ports the British still held were handed back to Ireland in 1938. The *New York Times* on November 10, 1940, dwelt on this fact in the following words:

It is recalled . . . that former Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain's Administration at London handed back the ports to Ireland under the Agreement of April, 1938, well aware of what the Irish Government's attitude would be in the event of war. Mr. Churchill, who strongly opposed the Agreement, told the House of Commons then that Ireland would be neutral in a war, but the Commons ratified the Agreement as also did the Irish people in a subsequent General Election.

It will thus be seen that the Irish policy of neutrality should have been no cause for surprise in Great Britain. Indeed, several British newspapers after the war started found it a matter for congratulation that Ireland was for the first time neutral when Britain was engaged in a major conflict.

The Irish Government has found out, if it did not know before, that it is not enough for a nation to declare its neutrality. She must take steps to ensure that that neutrality will be safeguarded. The Government has taken all steps necessary to set up and operate machinery to that end. The seacoasts which are Ireland's frontiers are watched and guarded by special organizations trained for the purpose. The small Navy augmented by converted trawlers patrols the waters night and day, thus guarding against a surprise attack from the sea.

The Government called for volunteers to join the Army and Civil Defense Forces, and no fewer than 260,000 men joined up. A similar force in America on the basis of population would be over 11,000,000. This shows no half-hearted determination on the part of Irishmen to defend their new-found liberties. The composition of these defense forces gives an idea of the unique unity which the policy of neutrality has achieved. Less than twenty years ago the disastrous civil war smashed the unity of the

Irish nation, bitterly divided homes and families and set brother fighting against brother and father against son. Today the soldiers who fought on either side are marching shoulder to shoulder, comrades again in the cause of Irish independence.

In Ireland no one doubts the sincerity of the Irish authorities in their desire to maintain strict neutrality or in the effectiveness of the measures taken. Indeed, the only criticism in Ireland is that these measures have been too strict. Thus the less than one per cent who do not favor neutrality are loud in their protests against a censorship which will not allow them publicly to debate the relative merits of the two groups of belligerents. But the Government has set its face against a controversy which at its best would be futile and at its worst might lead to blows, to strife, perhaps to a shattering of the priceless unity we have striven so hard to attain.

But outside of Ireland, constant attacks have been made on Ireland's sincerity in the matter. Uninformed and prejudiced writers in England and America have produced crops of sensational stories from time to time to the effect that Ireland was a hot-bed of Nazi intrigue, that she was overrun by spies, that she was supplying German submarines and that the German Legation had increased its staff a hundred fold.

These stories have been proved time and again to be false. The Dublin correspondent of the *London Times* described as "wild" the reports about the enormous size of the German Legation Staff and the activities of the imaginary fifth columnists. The Dublin correspondent of the *New York Times* found that the German Legation consisted of a Minister, a Secretary, a Press Attaché, two clerks and a maid, while the British Diplomatic representation had a staff of twenty-five persons. The *Irish Times*, which has never been accused of being anti-British, characterized the German submarine stories as "so much moonshine." This was in an editorial which continued by stating that the people did not want to be embroiled in the European war and were disinclined to run any risk that might embroil them and that the local security forces were "consecrated to one cause and one cause only, the defense of Irish neutrality." In the British House of Lords, referring to the submarine stories, Lord Strabolgi attacked the Government for allowing these "imaginings" to go uncontradicted.

Notwithstanding all this, the submarine myth comes up in a new form today. The *Times Union* (Rochester, N. Y.) printed on September 17 a story, syndicated by the NEA and written by an American correspondent visiting Ireland, to the effect that secret radio messages are sent daily to Berlin by special Nazi agents who are put ashore during the night from German submarines and housed by pro-Nazi friends during the day. This American correspondent, after a few days in Ireland, was able not only to divulge these happenings but he also found out where the radio messages were dispatched from—"the low hills around Dublin." A moment's thought might have told this gentleman that, if such activity was carried on, it could only

be by the connivance of the very excellent Irish police force and of the Irish Government, and that it could not continue without the knowledge of the British who, apart from their official Diplomatic Mission, naturally have their undercover agents in Ireland.

The question of the Irish ports has arisen from time to time in the American press. I would like to point out that, for more than a year after the war started, there was not a word about these ports, and then, following a speech by Mr. Churchill in which he deplored the loss of these ports, there began a campaign in sections of the British and American press calculated to force the Irish Government to make these ports available for Britain. The outcry was based not at all on Irish interests but on those of Britain, or if Irish interests were considered, they were secondary by a long way. The Irish reply was that if their ports were ceded or loaned to a belligerent, Ireland would have abandoned her neutrality, would have shattered her own unity and would have invited the destruction of her undefended cities and towns.

In a democratic country—and the Irish Constitution is perhaps the most democratic in the world—it is the duty of the Government to carry out the wishes of its people. Today no Government would last overnight in Ireland which would depart from the policy of neutrality. If that neutrality were shattered from within, it would lead to internal strife and disunion; if it is challenged from without the challenge will be met by a united people all fighting side by side in a good cause.

The value of these ports is grossly exaggerated. They are not bases in the proper sense of the word. At best they are anchorages and to fortify them would take time during which the other party to the dispute would not be idle. The occupation of the French coast by the Germans makes the southern route for ships impossible, and all sea traffic now goes by the northerly route past the Northern Ireland and Scottish coasts. The British have in these waters all the land bases they need. The Irish are convinced, therefore, that it is not the bases that are wanted so much as Irish participation in the war because of the psychological and moral effect such participation would have.

I may say that the Irish are clearly skeptical about the ideals this war is being fought for. They have the bitter experience of the last war when the promise was self-determination for small nations and the performance after the war had been won was three years of a brutal attempt to subjugate the Irish, ending with the partition of Ireland. The Irish say, too, that it is not necessary to defeat any European power in order to right the wrong done by Partition and they ask why that wrong is not righted.

If Ireland is drawn into this war, it will be because she is attacked from outside and if that attack comes from any quarter whatsoever, the Irish will resist it to a man. They may go down in the fight and meet disaster but that will not be the end. Ireland has survived many disasters and the Irish have great faith.

DIONNE WINS CONTROL OVER HIS FIVE GIRLS

LILLIAN BARKER



(Continued from last week)

THE BAD publicity—tantamount to a smear campaign—from which the Dionnes have suffered was, as I showed you last week, due to misstatements printed and reprinted against them. In some small measure it was also due to the parents' feeling of unimportance and to the mother's inability to speak English.

But, allowing for a few reportorial errors in the beginning, due, let us say, to misinterpretation of the Dionnes' answers, especially Elzire's responses *en français*, why did the bad press continue over such a long period?

Because editors, impartial as they must have been, having no reason to disbelieve those first false reports, accepted them at face value and played them up on front pages.

With that as a starter, the syndicate owning exclusive rights to the Quints' pictures, the taking of which Dr. Dafoe controlled, gave the Dionnes the works and the doctor the breaks, even before there were any differences between the parents and the physician.

Other newspapers, with no such axe to grind and with no ill feeling toward the Dionnes, I am sure, simply followed the trend of the pro-Dafoe, anti-Dionne news from Callander. The way American journalism functions, the process was automatic.

The physician, an English Canadian of Dutch descent, held frequent press conferences, too, and that made him a *natural* for newspaper copy. A *natural*, always quotable.

The French-Canadian parents, allergic as they were to publicity, "to be obliging" answered reporters' questions at first to the very best of their ability. But for all their efforts at cooperation with the press, they and the visiting journalists just could not seem to get together.

So the breaks continued to go against them, and when Oliva and Elzire Dionne saw in bold, black front-page headlines the first alarmingly-false reports about them, they were not only cut to the heart; they lost confidence in reporters.

"As a burnt child dreads the fire, we dreaded to see them coming," the Quints' mother confided to me almost a year later.

No wonder! The press had presented to a Quint-conscious world Quint-parents stigmatized beyond recognition. That I discovered over and over again on each and every one of the twenty-five trips I have made to Callander, trips that enabled me to study the Quint situation closely and to solve the mystery of the persistently bad publicity against the father and mother.

Before my first visit there, however, I, too, be-

lieved what I had read. Like just about everybody else, I imagine, I had swallowed the damaging reports, hook, line and sinker.

Why not? What else did I have to go by until I met the parents, their relatives and their neighbors? Till I talked to them, examined the Dionne archives, checked and double-checked all records, read thousands of Dionne clippings and more thousands of letters that had come in tidal waves to the humble farm-house?

And what did those letters say? Everything imaginable, you may believe me. But, one and all, they were based on what the letter-writers *had read in the papers*.

All my life I have heard about the power of the press; for years I have plied my trade on both sides of the Atlantic; but never have I seen that power so awesomely manifested as it was in the avalanche of newspaper clippings sent, unsolicited, to the Dionnes.

The clippings lauded the Province of Ontario and Dr. Dafoe and condemned the Quints' father and mother as "unfit, unworthy, money-grabbing parents." And an editorial, based on a news story to the effect that, according to the mother, "God ruled the lives of the Dionnes," said:

Maybe so . . . but filthy lucre plays its part. Like the horseleech's daughters in the Bible, their cry is "give, give . . ." Give us money, money, money in this case of Papa and Mama Dionne whose sordid greed reveals them to the public as most unworthy parents.

Along with that invective, Oliva and Elzire Dionne showed me their bank-book and a list of their total assets; assets so meager, so pathetically and astonishingly meager in comparison with the assets of others acquired solely through their connection with the Quintuplets. For instance, such rank outsiders as the syndicate (a competitor of the one owning them now) which, in 1934, bought exclusive rights to the Quints' pictures for \$10,000 for the ensuing twelve months, made stratospheric profits on the relatively trivial investment the very first year.

Regardless of the size of the investment, however, the syndicate photographer ordered Oliva Dionne, an amateur photographer, "not to try to take any snapshots of his baby-Quints, because exclusive rights to the children's pictures belonged to the syndicate."

Wishing snapshots of the *petites* with their mother—for the family album and for no other purpose—Oliva defied the ukase, stationed himself on the nursery porch, and through a closed window took one kodak picture of the *enfants* with their Mama.

Describing the incident to me on my first jaunt to Callander, the father said: "Elzire and I both figured exclusive newspaper rights did not include family-album rights, so I bided my time and snapped my wife and babies when I thought the nurses' backs were turned. If that was the case, though, one of them must have had eyes in the back of her head, for never again did I get another chance to take another Quint picture."

Elaborating on that grievance, Elzire declared:

The watch on us was tightened. . . . We were not ever allowed to be alone with the *jumelles*, even after they were well and strong. Because of that and other high-handed treatment we received at the hospital, we charged Madame Louise de Kiriline, the head nurse, and Dr. Dafoe with usurping our parental rights. And that got the papers down on us worse than ever.

She was perfectly right about that. The newspaper clippings proved it. Yet, interestingly enough, Madame de Kiriline, sometime after her resignation from the hospital, after two other head nurses had come and gone, wrote the Dionnes, "apologizing for the wrongs she had committed against them," wrongs prompted, she explained, by her love for the Quints and by an overwhelming desire to do what she—in her difficult position—had considered best for them.

Nor was that all. In a radio address before a federation of women in North Bay, Ontario, Madame de Kiriline, urging return of the Quintuplets to their parents, admitted "usurpation of the mother's rights, though most unintentionally."

About that same time, Mr. David Croll, Welfare Minister and a Quint-guardian on the board with Judge Valin, Dr. Dafoe and Oliva Dionne, resigning from the board, delivered an electrifying speech to the legislature. In the address, he named Mr. Percy D. Wilson as his successor, praised the Dionnes, said there was no substitute for a mother and *strongly urged* restoration of the Quintuplets to their parents.

But the children remained in the hospital and the father and mother, through lawyers, fought on and on the bitterest custody fight in history.

On the home front they also battled with Dr. Dafoe. "He usurps our parental rights," they said, over and over.

Dr. Dafoe, denying the charge, retorted: "Whatever I do is for the good of the Quints."

So the battle raged, with the vast majority of newspapers carrying extensive "quotes" of statements made by *the modest country doctor*, as he had been sloganized, in private interviews or during his press conferences, none of which I ever attended.

I did interview Dr. Dafoe, however, before I ever laid eyes on the Dionnes. In fairness to him I must say, too, I found him cordial, very "interviewable," generous with his time and ready with his answers.

Not so the Quints' parents—for the reasons I have already given. And my first trip to their farm was most discouraging. There to get and write the life-story of Elzire Dionne, The World's Most Famous Mother, I found my prospective subject a most unwilling prospect.

Through a latched screen-door, she informed me that "too many lies—*mensonges*—had been written about her." "Besides, unimportant as I am," she added, "my story is not worth writing."

Somehow or other, though, perhaps because luck was with me, I managed to talk my way, *en français*, into the farm-house. And, once inside, I persuaded the mother to let me do her biography. That was the commencement of my long acquaint-

ance with the Dionnes. It was also the day I got the surprise of my life when I realized they were celebrities nobody knew.

And a tragic paradox that was, as I saw during the month and a half I spent in Callander, writing the mother's biography and observing the parents' unselfish devotion to the children at home, to Ernest, Rose, Thérèse, Daniel, and Pauline—*la petite Pauline*, just older than the Quints and the most beautiful blonde baby I have ever seen.

All the children were prepossessing, however, with dark Latin eyes, intelligent expressions, healthy complexions and well-formed bodies. Well brought-up, they obeyed, respected and loved their father and mother, who certainly lavished on them the most unselfish devotion.

It was during that first visit that I also made the acquaintance of the Quintuplets, introduced to them by their parents. Less than a year old, they could not acknowledge the introduction. But on subsequent trips I got to know them very well, indeed.

In 1936, back in Callander to scoop a forthcoming blessed event *chez les Dionnes*, during six weeks of waiting around and living in the farm-house, I saw the miracle children often. By then they could talk, and many a love-message I carried home to Mama from her *jumelles*.

Delivering those messages, I delivered another to "Mama and Papa" from my managing editor who, after providing me with an unlimited expense account, instructed me to "pay the Dionnes top-hotel prices for my room and board."

"Never—*jamais de la vie!*" exclaimed the Dionnes in answer to that message. "You have written the truth about us and we won't accept a penny from anybody for your room and board."

So that was that! To my certain knowledge, from letters and telegrams I had seen, Oliva and Elzire Dionne had also refused fabulous offers from theatrical producers and promoters all over the country.

And those money-spurners were the allegedly mercenary Dionnes whose son, Oliva, Junior, delivered by Dr. J. E. I. Joyal of North Bay, was born July 9, to the delight of the family and the jubilation of Quints!

Victor-Réné, whose birth-story I covered April 4, 1938, brought more joy to the Dionnes who all love babies, and every time his parents took him to the hospital, the *jumelles* insisted upon holding him in their laps. Often I watched that performance and often I heard the five little girls exclaim: "What a beautiful baby—*Quel beau bébé*—and, to think, he is *our* brother!"

So, separated as they were from their family, reared entirely by outsiders, Yvonne, Annette, Cécile, Emilie and Marie, at the age of four, were already "family-fied;" already devoted, with a peculiarly Quintish devotion, to their parents, their sisters and brothers.

And so intense was that devotion in 1939 that they announced to all and sundry that "the *jumelles* loved Mama and Papa better than anybody in the world"—a declaration that one of their nurses an-

swered with the admonition: "You should not love your parents like that. They are not nice. You must love Dr. Dafoe the best; *he* is your doctor."

Tearfully, Cécile repeated the instruction to her parents. Similar admonitions the other Quints whispered to "Papa and Mama." These reports led the father and mother to demand the discharge of the "guilty nurse" who was "trying to turn the *jumelles* against them."

The demand was met, but not till later. Meanwhile, a very sensational meanwhile, the parents brought two law-suits against Dr. Dafoe. The first for libel, following a syndication of pictures of the physician in a *doctor-of-litters* ensemble. The second an action for "an accounting of funds the doctor had received on personal contracts entered into with firms doing business with the Quints."

Under English-Canadian laws pertaining to trustees and guardians, Monsieur Henri Saint-Jacques, King's Counsel—the Dionnes' counsel, too—maintained that Dr. Dafoe, as a guardian, amply paid by the Quints for his services as doctor and guardian, had had no right to profit on his wards' estates—"by making, as he had, lateral and undisclosed contracts with firms holding contracts with the Quintuplets."

Mr. Arthur K. Slaght, the physician's brilliant solicitor, at a preliminary hearing to determine Court jurisdiction, urging that the case be thrown out of Court, countered that the Dionne Act of Parliament had given his client such a right.

Monsieur Saint-Jacques retorted that the law of the land superseded a mere act of parliament.

The Judge, refusing to dismiss the case, "upon a careful examination of the law," found the parents had a right to bring their accounting action in his Court.

Papa Dionne Wins Battle over Dafoe, screamed the headlines following the judge's decision.

In press statements, Dr. Dafoe said: "I saved the Quints' lives. If it had not been for me, they would have died."

And from a scientific point of view, the Quints were, and are, a living monument to Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe. Nor is it conceivable that the physician, in the beginning, even dreamed that one day a great Quint-fortune would be his.

Neither is it reasonable to suppose that the Ontario Government, in making the babies royal wards, could, by any stretch of the imagination, have foreseen that such human mites would soon become a human gold mine to their Province.

Yet, that is what happened while the bad press, tantamount to a smear campaign, was presenting to a Quint-conscious world Quint-parents, stigmatized beyond recognition.

In December, 1939, to bring about peace and harmony, those same parents settled their two law-suits against Dr. Dafoe out of Court, but only after the Doctor had resigned from the Board of Guardians; had discharged the nurse; and declared in paragraph five of the settlement-agreement that "*the Quintuplets' education would remain incomplete unless they were soon restored to family life and atmosphere.*"

Now, in 1941, by a decree of the same Government that made them wards of the King more than six years ago, the recommended return is about to take place—incontrovertible evidence that the Quints' father and mother are parents fit, worthy and nobly unselfish in their devotion to all their children.

So, at last, the misunderstood Dionnes, the Dionnes as I know them, stand before the world vindicated of the false charges made against them, vindicated and triumphant in their fight to get back the *jumelles* who have cried and begged and begged and cried to live with "Papa and Mama."

Surely such parents deserve whatever happiness *le bon Dieu*, to Whom they have prayed with faithful fervor, may have in store for them—after their reunion with the world-famous Quints.

ROOTING GANGSTERS OUT OF GOVERNMENT

FIRST WARD COUNCILMAN



RECENTLY in Congress and in the press we have been doing a lot of talking on this subject of self-government. We have been asking whether the Philippines should be given their independence; whether China can ever become a united nation; and whether India deserves dominion status. In fact, we have practically ranged the world with our inquiries while, characteristically, we have smugly assumed that everything is quite all right here at home.

Now and then, of course, when a rich scoundrel does not go to jail, or a poor striker beats up a policeman, or a southern mob lynches an innocent black man, perhaps we stop for a moment and wonder. Maybe we shake our heads, grit our teeth, and say that something ought to be done. Shamefully, though, we have to admit that the whole thing usually ends there. We do a lot of protesting but very, very little producing.

Just as it has taught me a great many things, this fifteen-thousand-population town where I live has shown me a few of the reasons why apparently we do not deserve self-government.

I found that you could not be in politics in a small town very long before you had to begin to fight against getting set ideas about the great American public. If you were sloppy-minded and liked to let things ride, you probably sat back and said: "Well, fifteen thousand Americans can't be wrong!" It is an easy way to govern, but a dangerous way. It is the sort of thing that makes intelligent folk wonder whether we deserve the ballot. But, there is money in it. ("Give 'em what they want, but be sure we get our cut!") There is fame in it, of a sort. ("Good

old Huey—or Alfalfa Bill—or Dan, th' frien' of th' peepul!") There is even honest, personal satisfaction in it. To have bands playing, torch-lights flaring, your friends and neighbors cheering does something to you.

But, whether you realized it at the time or not, if you have innocently or lazily misled these friends and neighbors, you quickly find that the band-music soon turns sour and the torch-lights singe your whiskers, if not your trousers. So, the "the-people-can't-be-wrong" attitude usually cures itself promptly enough.

The opposite extreme, unfortunately, does not carry its own antidote. This extreme is the stock in trade of what we sneeringly call "the professional politician." Deep inside himself, he is convinced that every voter, except himself of course, is a fool; that every voter is asking to be robbed and expects to be hoodwinked with high-sounding phrases that do not mean a thing once the campaign is over and the ballots are counted.

When you yourself get in office, you will find that the danger of this sort of thinking lies in the fact that the people have been fooled so often that they almost expect to be tricked and are just waiting to see how the new candidate is going to do it. If a really honest man gets in, there is a tendency to shy away from him because they figure there is something wrong which they cannot understand.

While they are shying, he runs the danger of losing his grip. He may say to himself: "Here I am trying to do my level best and no one backs me. What is the use? They are asking for it! I'll line my pockets and get out."

He will fall into this bottomless pit more rapidly, of course, if one of his friends courageously climbs out on the end of the limb to help him only to find the rest of the town busily sawing away somewhere between the trunk and the tip where the two friends are dangling. Right then, he is likely to feel a little silly, plenty mad, and thoroughly convinced that representative government in the United States is not only a flop but a devil's trap set to lure decent men out of their seclusion and into early graves.

You see, that is what we in office face—a temptation to be lazy and take the easier way; or a temptation to be hard and take the people's money.

For that state of affairs, we, the people, are personally responsible. We have got to be big enough to applaud a decent city official when he is not voting our way.

That takes vision. That takes generosity, and gradually, persistently, we are growing into it as the level of our small town officials improves.

On the other hand, there is a job which we, the city officials, have to do to help democracy justify itself. We have to get to be big enough and unselfish enough to risk defeat or even recall in order to back something that we know, in the long run, will benefit our town.

In other words, we have to stop being jug-size politicians and begin being at least pint-size statesmen. If, as they say, a statesman is only a dead politician, we have to make it plain that it is we,

ourselves, who killed the politician and put the statesman in us to work.

Not only do we have to have the courage sometimes to back temporarily unpopular but permanently worthwhile movements; we have to have the foresight to inaugurate some of them. We have to look beyond the vote-getting or money-making possibilities of our job and begin thinking of its memorial-building phases. We have to persuade ourselves that it is perhaps worth while to have someone say, fifty years from now: "Joe Doakes started that when we elected him councilman. Joe died as poor as when he went in office, but the town's never forgot what he did for it!"

Perhaps that is an extreme case. Possibly I am sentimentalizing. Still, I am convinced that many of our modern crop of city officials are beginning to plan for "the long haul" instead of "the big haul." The large number of city councils who are willing to pauperize themselves in order to put their own on a sound "pay-as-you-go" basis is one of the hopeful symptoms of the growth of deep, unselfish city pride.

After we have caught a vision of what should be done, we shall probably have to go out and "sell" our fellow citizens on the idea. That is usually the toughest part of our jobs as councilmen. We shall find that even our best friends, burned-child-like, will laugh and ask in an undertone: "What are you gonna get out o' this?"

Gradually, eventually, though, if we behave ourselves and do not let the luster of our dream tarnish, we shall find things changing. If we persuade people that we are trying to get rich just as fast and no faster than they—by improving the town we live in and profiting along with everyone else—we shall begin to see a real miracle happen before our eyes. We shall actually see people trusting a politician.

When that happens, our victory's almost won because we shall discover that confidence spreads much as distrust does, once it starts. After a while, people will take it for granted that we are going to run for office and automatically be reelected. That will be because, by then, we have made ourselves "civic servants" instead of mere "office seekers."

That is the contribution that we, the city officials, have to make to the principle of democracy. That is how we have to help prove that we are courageous enough and intelligent enough as an electorate to be able to govern ourselves. Now that there are "career men" in our international diplomacy, why should not there be "career men" in our city offices?

That our democracy is sound at the core, if it is aroused and given a chance to express itself, was shown quite spectacularly in our little town not many months ago. What it did can be done in every other town of its size in the country because it is as typically American as ham-and-eggs.

If you have read earlier articles of mine in AMERICA, you know that, fine as our town is, it has been in the grip of a tough bunch of outsiders. Professional gamblers moved in and "took over." They bought what officials they could, scared as

many others out of office as was possible, and did their best to recall the few honest remnants.

Money was no object because they were making plenty and decided to dig in till they had robbed the community blind, left its merchants with stacks of unpaid bills which their gambling customers could not meet, and eventually given the town such a foul name that watchful parents warned their children not to go near it.

There were a few folks with pep and gumption, though, who had not been taken in by the "slickers." They said to themselves: "This thing is all wrong morally. What is more, it's bad business. Let's do something about it!"

They went to the churches and reminded them that gambling was not godly. They went to the merchants and showed them all the red ink on their ledgers. They pounded pavements from house to house and pushed doorbells.

Everywhere they went, people said: "Sure! You're a hundred per cent right! We've been thinking the same thing for years, but don't tell anyone that we said so, and don't let the newspapers get hold of this or you're sunk. The gangsters will beat you down. They'll spend thousands. They'll bring in transient voters and swamp you. They may even take pot-shots at you. Remember, we've had one killing in this town already!"

Nevertheless, undaunted, these pioneering souls went to the newspapers, one of which had been a weaseling leader in the "hush, hush" campaign. They dug down into their pockets, bought display ads, and told the whole scared, quaking, thunder-struck countryside: "Gambling's bad. Gambling's ruining our town. Whatever we do, if elected, we'll drive it so far away that you'll not even get the stench of it!"

Election day dawned bright and sunny. By noon, you had to lift your feet to step over the "gambling money" that was being thrown around. All day, you had to jump fast to miss "gambling taxis" that were rushing voters to the polls. On the surface, all looked rosy for hell and its imps. Underneath, though, if you stood still and listened, you could hear a deep, persistent rumble. Outraged democracy was muttering its resentment.

"The gang" were all ready to celebrate that night. One of them called his wife out of bed to come down and watch the votes being tabulated. By eleven, though, things did not seem to be going just right. By midnight, democracy was vindicated.

It was a glorious victory for us all, especially glorious because we knew that what we had done others could do also. Because it renewed our old-time faith in democracy. Because it showed us that we deserve to govern ourselves provided we do not lose two things. In each town, there must be a few unselfish individuals who have the vision to plan and the gumption to "sell" their plan. There must be a few unselfish candidates courageous to stand for the right even when it does not seem to be "good politics." Not a great deal to ask, is it? Our town did not think so, especially in exchange for its freedom and decency.

HOLLYWOOD HAS A MONOPOLY OF FREE SPEECH IN THE MOVIES

JOHN A. TOOMEY

THERE IS, or rather there was until its recent indefinite suspension, a Senatorial investigation into the motion picture industry. The newspaper headlines screamed with charges and denials. The silver screen is controlled, maintained some of the headlines, by a closely held monopoly, which is throwing the high-powered voice of the movies on the side of intervention, permitting only those pictures and newsreels which beat the drums for war entry, and banning the anti-war vocal chords in the discussion. There is no monopoly control, shrieked other headlines. No war propaganda pictures. Free speech is being menaced by the investigation.

Can John Q. Public make heads or tails of the conflicting claims? He can. By looking at the marquees of the movie theatres. The evidence is right there on the marquees for all to see. It consists not only of the titles which are shown, but also of those which have never been shown. The titles which have appeared on the marquees are so well known they need not be listed. Those which never have appeared on the marquees of American movie theatres might be catalogued as follows: *Confessions of a Communist Spy*; *I Married a Bolshevik*; *Escape from Siberia*; *Red Agent*; *Mad Men of Moscow*; *I Was a Spanish Red*; *Stalin Man Hunt*; *Prisoner in Solovetsky Island*; *Mortal Storm in the Ukraine*; *Night Train from Moscow*; *The Great Dictator Stalin, featuring Charlie Chaplin*; *Underground in Leningrad*; *Exposed by Dies Committee*.

The rich mine of potential dramatic material suggested by these titles appears practically unlimited in extent. Imagine the box-office possibilities of a film which had Charlie Chaplin making fun of Stalin. One wonders—why has Charlie never done anything like that. A gripping, an emotion-shaking story could be fashioned having Norma Shearer engineer an escape from a Russian concentration camp, and another thriller could be contrived showing Walter Pidgeon dropping from a parachute on the Kremlin and getting a bead on Stalin with his gun.

There are no films like that. Norma Shearer arranges no escapes from Russia. Walter Pidgeon points no gun at Stalin. Charlie Chaplin never gets excited about the Russian Dictator. The blood-curdling horrors of Soviet prisons and concentration camps are never unveiled before the eyes of American moviegoers.

A situation like this naturally gives rise to puzzling questions. Why do the movies feature the barbarism of only one country and remain mute about the savagery of other lands? And how is it the movies are so unanimous about it? There are not, in Hollywood, two or three companies focusing attention on Russian atrocities and several others concentrating on German excesses. All the Hollywood companies are concentrating on German atrocities. All the Hollywood companies are silent as the tomb about Russian enormities. Does this strange unanimity indicate some sort of monopolistic control? And if it does, is it healthy for the United States to have such a potent thought-molding agency as the movie industry controlled by a few private individuals?

If the silver screen had remained scrupulously within the entertainment field, there would probably not be much curiosity about whether control of the industry was confined to a few individuals or spread out among thousands. But when the movie chieftains elected to mix in propaganda with entertainment and charge for it, they fed strengthening vitamins to the curiosity over their set-up. The Senatorial investigation is just one symptom of that curiosity.

This Senatorial inquiry, conducted by a subcommittee of the Interstate Commerce Committee, brought out the chief accusations which have been hurled at the silver screen. The charges may be condensed as follows.

Propaganda is being slipped to the American people under the camouflage of entertainment. This form of propaganda is much more dangerous than the undisguised type. The agency—the movies—disseminating this propaganda is completely dominated by a few private citizens. This fact renders null and void the argument of the Hollywood chiefs that freedom of speech is being menaced by the Senatorial inquiry. On the contrary, the Senatorial probe is rather on the side of free speech, because if a corporal's guard of private citizens controls a national instrument of expression and denies voice to any but themselves, then untold millions are deprived of the right of free speech. The screen reaches an audience of about 80,000,000 people each week of the year. When an issue arises involving the very life of the nation, monopolistic control of the screen signifies that a few men have access to that vast audience with their views, and power to deny such access to contrary opinion.

Commented Senator Bennett Champ Clark: "I here formally and deliberately charge that a handful of men have gotten possession of both the radio microphone and the moving picture screen, beside which all other forms of discussion are antique and feeble, and that men and women in America, discussing the great problems of America, can use these machines or not, only by the grace of this small oligarchy."

Hollywood magnates have striven to infect the nation's movie audiences with war hysteria, other accusers maintained. The "monopoly controlled movie censorship" has "suppressed one side" of the national debate over war and "created a tremendous engine of propaganda for controlling and inflaming the public mind," in a "deliberate and determined effort to make propaganda for the involvement of the United States in this war." The American movie features and newsreel films are loaded with "pro-war propaganda."

One witness at the Senate hearing, John T. Flynn, referring to the film *That Hamilton Woman*, stated that history had been reversed at one point to give Lord Nelson an opportunity to make a speech that "might be just the kind of pro-interventionist speech Secretary Knox or Secretary Stimson might make." And Jimmie Fidler, another witness, stated that in the picture *Escape* "a German officer remarked to an enemy: 'I'll see you in America when we invade that country.' That wasn't in the book; it was MGM's 'added scene,' propaganda to which many object."

The defense furnished by the movie witnesses was not very convincing. It consisted of a general denial that there were any propaganda pictures, it maintained that the films so-called were factual, and that there was no monopoly in Hollywood. The Senate investigation constituted an invasion of the right of free speech, the movie champions asserted.

One cannot but suspect that the main defense of the movies came from a nationwide "smear campaign" that was launched against the Senatorial committee, a campaign reminiscent of a similar sniping at the Dies Committee, when that group first began inconveniencing the Communist set-up in America. The Chairman of the subcommittee, Senator D. Worth Clark, declared his committee's probing of the movies had borne "an avalanche of vituperation and abuse," designed to smear it and "frighten it into inactivity." After remarking that the hearings had proved that the screen is "controlled by a monopolistic group of eight producers," whose control is used to speed war propaganda, he announced a suspension of the committee's inquiry.

The "smear campaign" gives rise unavoidably to the suspicion that there exist in the nation powerful forces which shrink from having the movie situation probed too deeply. The furious cries of protest are difficult to explain on any other hypothesis. If no monopoly obtains in Hollywood, no effort to awaken war hysteria in the nation, what conceivable objection could there be to public airing of these questions? Such an inquiry would afford Hollywood an unexampled opportunity to clear itself of the charges. The movie industry is

no private affair. It is a public institution with enormous influence on the life of the nation. If charges were made that a handful of private individuals controlled all the newspapers of the country, or all the magazines, or the publication of all the books, no rational objection could be offered to a Congressional inquiry into such charges. Free speech for private citizens is one thing. Control by a few private citizens of gigantic media of expression is quite another.

The phenomenal development of the silver screen in the last two decades has tossed a brand new problem into the national lap, a problem that sooner or later must be solved in the national interest. The movie situation in the United States does not differ much from that in the totalitarian States. In Germany, Russia and Italy, the State decides what the unthinking millions are to swallow under the guise of film entertainment, and what they are to see and what they are not to see in the newsreels. In the United States today, a few private citizens make this decision.

Slanting the pictures in the direction of war involvement at a time when the world is in flames and when powerful forces are striving to push this nation into the flames is a matter of deepest national concern. The most effective way to work up the war spirit is to fill the people with a seething hatred of one of the belligerents and intense admiration of the other. Evidence that Hollywood has sought to do just that is in the pictures themselves for all to see.

The argument that the bestiality of the Nazis is faithfully portrayed in the propaganda films is true but beside the point. The point is that on the awesome question whether it is in the national interest for the United States to enter the most terrible war in human history, a handful of private citizens can line up such a potent opinion-forming agency as the silver screen completely on the war side of the controversy, and bar from that screen the views of untold millions of other private citizens who are opposed to war entry. That is too much power for any small group of private citizens to wield.

Hollywood has always shown an amazing tenderness toward the Communists and Soviet Russia. The American Communist party obtained huge sums of money and powerful support from Hollywood. The one or two pictures filmed about Russia constituted, at the most, an extremely gentle slap on the wrist. The man-made famines in Russia, in which millions were deliberately murdered; the purge trials; the Stalin concentration camps and torture chambers: somehow or other Hollywood never got around to giving the American people a full picture of these phenomena. When a New York newspaper exposed a Nazi spy, Hollywood was quick to get that story on the screen; but when the Krivitsky revelations appeared, when Ben Gitlow and other former Communists exposed Red intrigue in the United States, Hollywood was not interested.

There is partisanship in Hollywood. Partisanship in control of a far-flung thought-molding medium is not a healthy thing for the United States.

LABOR'S CHOICE

LABOR has had a friend in the present Administration. The Wagner Act, minimum wage and maximum hour legislation, unemployment insurance and the whole spirit of the Social Security Act manifest a sympathetic understanding of the workman and his fight for economic security. Both the President and his Secretary of Labor, in the face of the bitterest criticism, have defended labor's right to freedom and self-regulation. With confidence in the ability of labor-leaders to rise to their new responsibilities, they have waited patiently for signs that these men had put away the toys of a bolsterous childhood and were prepared to take a mature part in the nation's life.

How strained their patience has become is evident from their respective messages to the national A.F. of L. Convention in Seattle.

"The Government," warned the President, "has set up machinery to adjust industrial disputes. . . . The time has come when the services of such agencies must be used before any recourse is taken to a strike or lockout . . ." And again: "In this hour when civilization itself is in the balance, organizational rivalries and jurisdictional conflicts should be discarded."

Miss Perkins presented a more detailed catalog of labor's shortcomings to the conscience of the Convention. Warning the delegates that union labor was no longer in "swaddling clothes," but, having become "an important American institution," must expect to be "judged as other institutions are judged," she stigmatized five abuses which have exasperated a public intent on national defense. These are racketeering, failure to abide by collective agreements signed with employers, "excessive practices which are sometimes thought a trend toward the practices of monopoly," high dues, and "the unceasing competition for members between the two divided branches of the labor movement," which has led to "the present rather exacting emphasis upon a closed shop in some unions and in some industrial disputes."

A few days after these stern but friendly exhortations, all express shipments in and out of Detroit were stopped by jurisdictional strife between the Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks and the International Teamsters Union, both A.F. of L. organizations. Rivalry between C.I.O. and A.F. of L. unions at the Spicer plant in Hillsdale, Michigan, threatened to tie up seventy per cent of the nation's tank production. Down in Texarkana, Arkansas, in Muskegon, Michigan, in the whole empire of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, inter-union feuds menaced other activities of the defense program.

These and similar events seem to indicate that the words of the President and the Secretary of Labor failed to dent the pates of several gentlemen at Seattle. If a friendly Administration has finally to invoke the force and majesty of government, the blame will lie solely with the inept direction of certain leaders of labor.

EDITORIAL

DESTROY HITLER

DETERMINATION to crush Hitler and Nazism has been the creed of the British and American Governments. How may this determination be effected?

It may be through a long war of attrition. It may be through the chance of internal dissension among the Nazis, through the crumbling of the home front, through the economic collapse of Germany, through the uprising of the Occupied Countries, through the tremendous loss of Nazi man-power and mechanized equipment. But then, Britain and the United States will not have aggressively crushed Hitler. He will have been blown up by his own explosives.

Military experts all agree that air-power, of itself, cannot achieve a complete victory in our modernized warfare. This war must be decided, so say the authorities, either by an invasion of England or by an invasion of the Nazi-dominated continent, either now or later.

The threat of a Nazi invasion of England has been long on the record. The possibility of a British invasion of the long sea line from Norway to the Bay of Biscay has been hinted at. The opportunity for such an invasion has been present since the beginning of the Nazi push into Russia. The demand for it has been growing clamorous in some London circles. But the British navy, which controls the waters about Europe's eastern coast line, and the British army have been waging only a defensive warfare while the Nazis have been crushing the Russian allies.

The method and the plan, then, of fulfilling the oft-repeated determination to destroy Hitler and the Nazis seem to be most vague. Is it that England has placed her stakes on Hitler defeating himself first, and then attacking him? Or is it that England has not strength to attempt an invasion of the continent? Or is it, and this is most important for every American, that the date for an aggressive and a powerful attempt to strike at Hitler through the coastal countries of Europe will be settled on the same date that the United States declares war? Are our American soldiers to be the fighting force that will invade continental Europe?

We are determined to crush Hitler and Nazism. How may the creed be turned into deeds?

CRISIS IN JAPAN

LENGTH and secrecy of the President's deliberation with his defense council is evidence of how seriously the Japanese crisis is taken in Washington. The resignation of the third Cabinet of Prince Fumimaro Konoye, Japan's Premier, has brought on a situation which is bound to be a searching test of the self-control and prudence of our own foreign policy.

It is difficult to conceive that the Japanese people themselves desire war with the United States. However belligerent and aggressive the war party in Japan may become, it cannot ignore completely the wishes of the majority of the people; it can hope for no success with a disunited nation.

Anti-American resentment is not so likely to be aroused in Japan by firmness on the part of American foreign policy as by inconsistency. That the United States is opposed to Japanese expansion into China, French Indo-China, Thailand, Oceania, and that we shall definitely use our influence to prevent such expansion is not pleasing to the belligerent element in Japan, but it is understandable by them. Our present firmness in these matters would be much more understandable, probably more acceptable, if our policy had been more thoroughly consistent in the past. Japanese minds still wonder, as was remarked by former Premier Matsuoka, why so much was said in this country about Japan's occupation of Manchuria, so little by the United States when seven years ago Soviet Russia took possession of Outer Mongolia; so little when the Germans established a naval base at Tsing-tao in 1898 and created their "sphere of influence" in Shantung; so much alarm was raised when Japan drove the Germans out of Shantung in the World War.

A war with Japan would be a calamity on any count but particularly would play directly into the hands of the Axis Powers. They would rejoice heartily to see us involved in the Orient. It is not an easy course for us to follow. We must proceed skilfully between two extremes. A firm but peaceful policy in the Far East has saved us from disaster in the past; it will be our safeguard in the present. We cannot alter the record of inconsistencies committed in the past, but we can avoid repeating that record in the present crisis.

THE POLL OF THE CLERGY

THERE is every reason to believe that the poll of the clergy taken by the Catholic Laymen's Committee for Peace was impartially and honestly handled. 34,616 double postcards were addressed, during the period from September 20 to October 1, to all the priests in the United States. These were sent from the office of the Catholic Directory, in the ordinary business routine. 13,155 answers were returned to the office of a Certified Public Accountant, who duly counted and tabulated the votes. His report was dated October 6. Since then, additional returns have brought the total of answers received up to forty per cent of the entire number of cards sent out.

The Catholic Laymen's Committee for Peace has no official Catholic standing whatsoever. In sending out the postcard ballots, it neither sought nor had any ecclesiastical approval. It represents a group of laymen who are Catholics. The chairman is Judge Herbert A. O'Brien, the secretary is William T. Leonard, both of Brooklyn. The Catholic Laymen's Committee claims a membership in forty States, but does not reveal the number of members. It denies that it is affiliated with the America First Committee, or with any other propaganda organization.

The poll was undertaken, states the spokesman of the Catholic Laymen's Committee for Peace, with the advice and cooperation of some priests. Many other clergymen who received the postcard ballots were vigorously opposed to such a poll of Catholic clerical opinion. They believed that the returns would not accurately reflect the views of the clergy and that the publication of such returns would be harmful to Catholicism. Many others objected vehemently to the statement of the two questions asked; and they pointed out that a simple yes or no answer would be most inadequate and misleading.

With these facts stated, we may consider the report submitted by the Certified Public Accountant.

The first question submitted to the priests was: "Do you favor the United States engaging in a shooting war outside the Western Hemisphere?"

The answers received were: Yes, 885; No, 12,038; Voids and not voting, 232.

The second question was phrased: "Are you in favor of the United States aiding the Communistic Russian Government?"

In answer, the votes read: Yes, 967; No, 11,860; Voids and not voting, 328.

At the time the report was issued, 21,461 ballots had not been returned. This is not nearly so significant as the extraordinary fact that forty per cent of the postcards were checked off and returned. Argument might be raised as to whether or not the totals as recorded accurately express the views of the Catholic clergy in the United States as to American involvement in a foreign war and American aid to the Soviet Government. It is our opinion that the majority of the clergy would confirm the

negative vote, but with clear distinctions as to the exact sense, and with a reduced percentage. Our own survey of opinion, gathered here and there, would indicate that Catholics, both lay and clerical, for the greater part, are opposed to war involvement and are wary of close cooperation with Soviet Russia, even in a material way.

THE RADIO GHOST

WHILE millions pray for peace during the Rosary month of October, the radio heckler makes his uncanny appearance to listeners of the contending sides. In German radio sets, the "ghost" mocks the Nazis while they extol the advance of their ruthless military machine in Russia. Ears glued in Britain to the discourses of the BBC are annoyed by a counter-heckler's sarcastic remarks of "So you say" and "Sweet" as exploits are recounted.

Fortunately for our tranquillity of mind, no such voice can break in and interrupt our communications with our Father in Heaven. Our voices reach Him undisturbed, and He listens and answers in quiet. Yet, if we pray for peace, the activity of the radio "ghosts" may give a special direction to our prayers, by reminding us what we are praying for.

In the instance of the war now afflicting the world, release from war will not give us peace. It will offer us an armistice, at the best. What is occurring is not mere war: it is a revolution.

"Unhappily," says Stanley High, in a recently published symposium, "the war is only a violent symptom of what the world has on its hands. The symptom has a disease back of it. The disease is a revolution."

Peace from a revolution, however, is a very different thing from peace from a war. Revolutions battle by other means than merely guns and tanks. They war by ideas: not ideas abstractly proposed, but ideas clothed in emotion, barbed with suggestion and overtones of passionate resentment.

The presence of the radio "ghosts" indicates in a new light the importance placed by revolutions upon the ceaseless propagation of ideas.

There is no use soothing our alarms by persuading ourselves this is merely a political or imperialistic war along traditional lines. But even as a revolution its character is not primarily political or economic. The struggle in Europe is primarily a religious revolution.

Nazi apologists would gladly persuade us that the whole affair is merely an economic struggle of the political or national Have Not's against the Haves. Soviet propaganda diligently sounds the note that Communism is merely a protest of the expropriated classes against the expropriators. Short-sighted, commercially-minded individuals in the democratic countries fall for both these lies.

The sooner we understand the essentially religious character of the entire struggle, the sooner will our prayers for peace take a shape that will relate them intimately and convincingly to the elementary teachings of our Faith. The surer, too, will be our plans for national defense.

PAY WHAT THOU OWEST

IN many large cities, there will be found a newspaper which publishes from time to time what are known to city editors as "human interest stories." These are reports, spiced with humor and gentle satire, about something that has happened in the neighborhood, and their purpose is to show the weaknesses to which poor human nature is subject, as well as the nobility to which it can rise. We chuckle, and passing over the weakness to focus on the nobility, we say, "There's a good deal of me in that story."

As we read the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Matthew, xviii, 23-35) we had better reverse that indulgent custom of ours. Here we have a king who, on going over his accounts, found that one of his officials owed a large sum of money, some ten thousand talents, which the learned reckon to be about the equivalent of twenty million dollars. This king was certainly an indulgent monarch to allow the debt to rise to this huge sum, but when he called for an accounting, he showed that the velvet glove encased a hand of steel. He demanded immediate payment, and because this could not be made, confiscated all the debtor's property, and ordered him and his wife to be sold into slavery. But when the unfortunate official went down on his knees to beg for time, the king "moved with compassion," remitted the debt, rescinded his peremptory orders, and in cheering words bade him forget the whole matter.

Recovering from his astonishment as well as his fright, the happy official went out of the palace, with his nose in the air. But he did not hold it so high that he failed to spy a poor fellow who owed him seventeen dollars. In that odd spirit of elation which seizes most of us when we have just gotten out of a bad scrape, he fell on this debtor, throttled him, and demanded immediate payment. After this petty debtor had searched his empty pockets, in the hope that a few coins had slipped through the lining, he found himself in jail, to remain there until he could find seventeen dollars for his austere creditor.

But vengeance followed fast. The story came to the ear of the king, who summoned his whilom debtor, and after reading him a lesson on the very inferior quality of his mercy, "handed him over to the torturers" until the enormous debt was paid. "So also my heavenly Father will do to you," is the moral which Our Lord draws for us, "if you do not each forgive your brothers from your heart." Do we always grant that forgiveness?

For the Blood He shed when He won our redemption, for the countless times when with infinite mercy He has forgiven us, we owe Our Lord infinitely more than the petty sum of twenty million dollars. How dare we, then, count with bitter unforgiveness the dimes that our neighbor may owe us? Let us recognize in ourselves the merciless official who would not forgive, and beg of God a change of heart before we dare again get down on our knees to recite, with unctuous piety, the "Our Father."

LITERATURE AND ARTS

CONSCIENCE AMONG THE BOOKS

JAMES J. DALY

IN A LETTER written in 1834 during his last days in Anglicanism, Frederick William Faber said that he could not understand the anomaly

of quoting and praising men like Milton and Byron, when a man professes to love Christ and to put all his hopes of salvation in Him: to love Christ in church, yet to praise His blasphemers in society; to pray and speak against unchastity as a thing hateful to God, yet to praise one whose works as well as life were full of it.

And he goes on to say,

I cannot understand the nice distinction of the man and the poet, pure passages and impure. If a man wronged the person of my love, I could not receive aid or pleasure from him; and I cannot conceive how anything like a delicate and ardent love of the Saviour can enjoy the works of the Saviour's enemy. The mind admits the distinction, the heart does not.

And Gerald Manley Hopkins wrote to Bridges:

But first I may as well say what I should not otherwise have said, that I always knew in my heart Walt Whitman's mind to be more like my own than any other man's living. As he is a very great scoundrel this is not a pleasant confession. And this also makes me the more desirous to read and the more determined that I will not.

What is to be thought of the attitude shown in these three quotations? Is it a typically clerical attitude which the ordinary layman is not supposed to adopt? Is it Jansenistic in its rigor? Is it a crude interpretation of Christian duty by zealots and bigots? I am of the opinion the last two charges will not be pressed. Saint Paul can be called for the defense: "If any man love not our Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema."

The sentiment of the passages cited will probably be dismissed as peculiarly clerical by those who harbor a scornful impatience of what they call clerical dictation and clerical leading-strings. I think nothing has been so harmful to souls in modern times than the idea of clerical dictation. It has odious and unmanly connotations which tend to separate people from priest; and the enemies of religion employ it on every occasion. No upright and thoughtful person will be misled by it: it cannot stand the harshest scrutiny. What is meant precisely by clerical dictation? Is it the same thing as Divine dictation? Does one meekly follow clerical leading-strings if he is careful to observe the Ten Commandments; if he tries to avoid occasions of sin and the giving of scandal; if he hates obscenity

and practises purity of thought, word and action; if he cultivates friendship with Christ and is painfully sensitive to deliberate insults to Christ and nearly everything Christ stands for?

While the clergyman has the greater obligation and responsibility on all these points, have the laity no obligation and no responsibility? Have they no direct and personal relationship with Christ, involving loyalty and fidelity to Him and to His teaching and ideals? In the matter of spiritual salvation and perfection is there a natural cleavage of functions by which the ordinary Christian stands by idly, and critically watches the clergy seeing to it that his soul is saved vicariously? Something makes him keep on claiming the name of Christian but he is careful to preserve the gentlemanly unfamiliarity of a man-of-the-world with religion and its ministers. He may secretly be a friend of Christ but he has no more courage in alien surroundings than Peter in the court of the high-priest. And so it may happen that he will conform with the current literary fashion as a matter of course, reading whatever comes his way, discussing it or writing about it in a "large liberal spirit" which attaches more importance to art than to content.

I do not wish every man to wear a Roman collar or every woman to dress as a nun. But I hardly think they must, as an alternative, submit to what Edmund Burke called "the soft collar of social esteem." It is a very soft collar and very comfortable: altogether too comfortable for the incidental rigors of the Christian life. The office of preaching may be reserved to authorized ministers; but there is no restriction to preaching by example and influence. No one, be he layman or cleric, is discouraged by any Divine ordinance from cultivating the most intimate friendship with Christ.

The Irish poet, Thomas Moore, is said to have written an excellent book of Catholic apologetics to ease his conscience for worldly excursions in literature. He then resumed his excursions and it is to be feared the soft social collar strangled the Christian. It is difficult, if not impossible, to maintain a balance in the nice distribution of devotion to opposing worlds. We have to throw our weight on one side or the other.

Viewed in the abstract, Christian duty in the

reading of books seems clear enough. It assumes the appearance of a problem only when one looks about and consults experience. I once knew a clergyman-editor who wrote admirable sermons in his parsonage in the suburbs and violent attacks on various and sundry, including the bishops of his Church, in his newspaper office downtown. "I am Dr. Jekyll here in my study," he told me jocosely, "and I am Mr. Hyde downtown." I hope it was Dr. Jekyll who prevailed in the final judgment.

It is a curious instance of schizophrenia or split personality which is devout at certain specified times and for the rest seems to have no inhibitions whatever in literary entertainment and study. It looks abnormal; as if one could enjoy the dexterity of the lord high executioner in decapitating a dear friend. The dexterity might be undeniable, it is true; but, although it is generally held that we should salute skill wherever we see it, I think there are times when, in the general estimate, even to advert to it would be shocking and unnatural. "The mind admits the distinction, the heart does not." The absence of heart, of course, simplifies the case.

Returning to the quotation from the letter of Father Hopkins, we may get more light on the subject. He confesses that he was drawn to Walt Whitman by a strong sense of literary kinship and desired to read him, and the urgency to do so made him all the more determined not to read him. No one, who knows Hopkins in his poems and letters, will accuse him of being weak-minded, prudish, or neurotically scrupulous. His interest in literature and art, almost congenital and cultivated to an extraordinary fineness, is undeniable. Moreover, I hardly think any reader of Hopkins will regard him as a timid soul afraid to look deliberately at harsh reality and choosing to live in rose-colored and romantic shadows. Why was he afraid to read Walt Whitman?

He was afraid. It was ultimately nothing but fear that made him give Whitman a wide berth. He recognized a congenial spirit, but a congenial spirit opposed to most of the things he held sacred. A man must preserve his spiritual integrity at all costs; and that, Hopkins felt, would be impaired by association with Whitman. It is not an unmanly fear which prompts a man to deny himself an indulgence which, in the truest sense of the word, really can unman him.

It may be asked how Hopkins came to know Whitman so well if he had not read him. It is a question which is likely to be put in these days of advanced educational machinery, when a candidate for a master's or a doctor's degree in literature is required to know his author to the very last word he has written; as if one could not be expected to know what kind of fruit tree it was until he had eaten every apple it produced. In real life it is possible to know a man pretty thoroughly after a few meetings. It is not at all necessary to be his Boswell. I need not plough through the voluminous Mr. Wells to get a fair idea of his social and intellectual limitations and the drift of his genius. Whatever stray passages came Hopkins's way, I

am inclined to believe he formed from them a pretty accurate estimate of Walt Whitman. Indeed, it is not at all improbable that Hopkins could have written a critical estimate of Whitman more searching than the average doctoral thesis.

It has to be admitted that the three men I have quoted were extraordinary men and extraordinary Christians. Even if their attitude toward books claims respectful attention, it may be urged that their example is too heroic for the ordinary Christian; and, after all, a man's own conscience is the only guide he has to follow.

This might be an easy solution of a difficult problem if everyone had the same kind of conscience. The natural law imposes the serious obligation of not wantonly exposing the soul to ruinous influences; but, for various causes, arising from temperament or training or some other circumstance, what is injurious to one man is not so to another, even if his conscience is not unduly elastic. Is there no definite standard for Christian conscience in the choice of reading?

I suggest that the Church's Index of Forbidden Books gives a fairly good notion of the Christian standard. It is not a puritan production nor the result of hysterical and irrational alarm. The books listed there are some of the books which have spawned the litter busily at work today in sapping religion and decivilizing the world. Most of the books on that list are less worthy of condemnation than their multitudinous progeny. The Index has been derided and ignored except by conscientious Catholics. It has been cursed by the world at large as an instrument of clerical domination to keep freedom and enlightenment from spreading. Well, they have spread. Only the freedom looks very much like bondage, and the enlightenment like the smoke of worldwide fire and destruction.

Supplementary to the Index in shedding light on the nature of the Christian conscience are the earnest exhortations of the present Pope. He is the Head of the only Christian Church which in the judgment of all thoughtful men has the remotest chance of keeping Christianity in the world. In the most solemn tones he urges every Christian to cultivate delicacy of conscience in reading.

We are practically back to the days when the young Christian civilization was struggling for its life in the collapse of the Roman Empire and in a universal cynicism as regards morals and religion. Christians were forbidden to read the Greek and Roman classics if they wished to preserve their soundness of soul. It was a drastic measure; but an emergency calls for drastic measures. Everyone agrees that an emergency exists here and now. It is no time to wax enthusiastic over a book with the precautionary word that, of course, it is not fit convent reading. Are we all, except the inmates of convents, confirmed in grace like the Apostles?

Perhaps the convents can manage to get along with most of the great literary masterpieces. By what hallucination have we come to believe that an author cannot depict life truthfully unless he wears his infidelity with an air or makes honesty consist in having the pig-pen on the front lawn?

BOOKS

WILL-WORSHIP MAKES NAZIS

THE EDUCATIONAL PHILOSOPHY OF NATIONAL SOCIALISM. By George Frederick Kneller. Yale University Press. \$3.50

WHEN our late Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, sat down to point out the anti-Christian errors and dangers of National Socialism in his Encyclical, *Mit Brennender Sorge*, he took great pains to make sure he properly understood its peculiar tenets and spoke its language.

This rule, one of ordinary prudence, applies to the educational philosophy of National Socialism quite as much as to its political theory and measures. And just this educational philosophy, in the long run, is much more portentous than even the German military machine. It is not, as Dr. Kneller observes, a mere "victim of politics." Nor is National Socialist education merely a "revival of past ideals," like Mussolini's revival of ancient Rome. "It is, like the entire body of National Socialist thought upon which it depends, essentially a new ideology. Not only this, but it is in great measure the result of a crisis—the answer to a social dilemma." One of the principal reasons why we in America can only dimly understand these strange educational ideas is our complete unfamiliarity with the German social dilemma.

The author's task has been to disengage, with great care and no mean degree of clarity, the many threads—historical, social, philosophical, emotional—which have contributed to the present system. His job has not been more book-work, but the result of repeated visits to Germany, correspondence and checking-up with official Nazi educational authorities, such as Dr. Rudolf Benze, director of the German Central Institute for Education.

There is nothing on the surface very profound about official Nazi education. "Actually its principles are so straightforward and simple that they could be listed on one page of foolscap. But their sources and implications are not so easy to grasp as many would have us think." The "background and content" and overtones of the Nazi theories really count; "one can never be really sure of their significance."

One element in this background is a sort of Pantheon, peopled with the colorful, romantic, self-flattering and prophetic myths of the Nazi racial ideology. These myths are not mere spawn from the fertile brain of a dictator. They have developed out of a vast welter of humiliation, grief, pride, passion, thought and discussion from the days of Fichte to the present. Another element cuts to the base of the Christian concept of man. It can only be characterized as basic anti-intellectualism. As put by Bernhard Rust: "Only he who has *will power* can come to grips with knowledge; only he who has *purpose* can understand beginnings." Such will-worship is an ironical tangent from the traditional orbit of self-adoring rationalism: *die reine Wissenschaft*.

"The only method," the author is forced to conclude, "by which the world can become reconciled to the new Germany is through abandoning, or even denying, pure reason."

With all its simplifications, Nazi education is unable to rid itself of certain inner conflicts, particularly that of reconciling the tremendous stress of "positive," "heroic," "active" qualities in youth with the heavy *Volk* demands and service. It is "not so much a thesis as an anti-thesis, an attack upon all that is conceived as interfering with German unity. It cannot be understood in terms of 'humanity' because it has divorced itself from universal morality and concentrated upon the German *Volk*."

How all this affects the "road of German youth,"

young women as well as young men, how it affects the relations of education to the state, to religion and to the Church is the subject of Dr. Kneller's scrupulously thoughtful effort to lead the non-German mind through the intricacies of what has caused Nazi education and what now makes it operate. The style is clear, direct; text replete with first-hand citations and documentation.

JOHN LAFARGE

HELP FOR THE NEEDY

THE HISTORY OF PUBLIC WELFARE IN NEW YORK STATE 1867-1940. By David M. Schneider and Albert Deutsch. University of Chicago Press. \$3.50

SOCIAL WELFARE IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By Marguerite T. Boylan. Columbia University Press. \$3

WHEN the Board of State Commissioners of Public Charities was established by an act of the Legislature in 1867, some 4,000,000 people inhabited New York. The only organ of public care for the destitute of all kinds was the almshouse, into which went indiscriminately adults and children, the insane, epileptic, blind, crippled and vagrant. The poor were stigmatized as "paupers" and submitted to public charity as a last resort, since it involved social ostracism and loss of civil rights.

Since that momentous year when, for the first time, the State assumed the responsibility of supervising charitable activities, the population has grown to 12,000,000, and public welfare has been revolutionized. One after another, with disgraceful tardiness, various types of the needy have been taken from the almshouse and given specialized care. With the growing realization that our economic order is chronically out of joint, the stigma attached to unemployment and poverty has been largely removed and the State has recognized, by amendment to its Constitution, its obligation to care for the needy.

This is the story that Messrs. David Schneider and Albert Deutsch of the Bureau of Research and Statistics of the New York State Department of Social Welfare tell with scholarly clarity and objectivity. It brings to completion the history of public welfare in New York State begun in a previous volume by Mr. Schneider.

This study of State charity is well supplemented by Miss Boylan's discussion of the modern methods the Church has adopted in carrying on her apostolate of charity.

With the economic dislocation of the past decade came the tardy realization that organized social welfare had become a permanent necessity in American life. The trend that had begun even before this time for greater organization and centralization of social activities was notably accelerated by the widespread distress that accompanied the depression. In Catholic circles, the need for centralization gave rise to the Diocesan Bureau.

With knowledge gained from long experience, Miss Boylan, Executive Secretary of the Catholic Charities of Brooklyn, chronicles this shift in the social technique of the Church. The book has three main divisions: the first being devoted to a study of the nature and development of the diocesan bureau; the second to a more detailed examination of the Catholic Charities of Brooklyn; and the third to some thoughtful observations on the latest developments in the field of social welfare.

For anyone who wishes to know the facts about the Church's part in public welfare in this country, this book is indispensable. A series of tables and charts, a selected bibliography and an appendix containing thumbnail sketches of the history and development of all the diocesan bureaus in the United States enhance the value of the book.

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

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CLOTH BOUND

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FIFTH COLUMN IN '76

SECRET HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By *Carl Van Doren*. The Viking Press. \$3.75

THIS is an historical study of the first rank, and I am prepared to agree that "here for the first time the story of Benedict Arnold's treason is fully told." Sketches of Arnold are innumerable, and he has had at least two biographers, but their authors wrote before the riches of the William L. Clements Library at the University of Michigan had been explored. Here among the Secret Service Papers of Sir Henry Clinton, His Majesty's Commander-in-chief in North America from 1778 to 1782, are found the complete Arnold-André correspondence, and many documents which throw light on Arnold's career.

The discovery of this correspondence has led Mr. Van Doren to make his way through hundreds of unpublished letters from, to, and about Arnold. The man was a born schemer, with confederates and associates, some innocent tools, others nothing worse than British officers or American Loyalists who saw no reason why they should not try to convert him into a trusty servant of His Gracious Majesty. But still others with whom he consorted, and whom he used, were mere scum. Mr. Van Doren's researches support the traditional, or, at least, the commoner, view of Arnold. He was neither "a villain out of melodrama," nor an honestly disillusioned patriot who concluded that he could serve his country best by serving the British cause, but a man "bold, crafty, unscrupulous, unrepentant; the very Iago of traitors." Arnold named his price, received part of it, and that in brief is the end of the matter.

Arnold is the villain of the piece, but across the stage move the charming Major André, Israel Putnam, Ethan Allen, Hamilton, Washington and others, every one with his contribution to an absorbing tragedy. What began as a biography is in the end "an account of the conspiracies of Benedict Arnold and others, drawn from the Secret Service Papers of the British Headquarters in North America, now for the first time examined and made public," to quote the volume's sub-title. The position of the Loyalists is given with discriminating sympathy, although many of them were unblushing racketeers, but with full recognition of the truth, hateful to muckrakers, that if some Americans were half-hearted in supporting the Revolution, "most of them were true to the ragged colors of a perilous cause." There is a good index, a judiciously selected bibliography, and in an appendix the complete text of the Arnold-André correspondence and Clinton's Narrative.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

ONE RED ROSE FOREVER. By *Mildred Jordan*. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.75

EVERY June a little Lutheran church near Lancaster, Pa., pays a red rose to a descendant of "Baron" Henry Stiegel, who stipulated only this when deeding over the land in 1772. The romantic Stiegel's life, with its hopes and triumphs, its troubles and tragedies, is now portrayed in a first novel of charm and real quality. With painstaking accuracy for descriptive detail, Miss Jordan covers a social slice, with slight political undertones, of the four chameleon decades after 1750.

Stiegel comes to colonial Pennsylvania from Cologne as a youth with a driving passion for musical composition, wealth and extravagant living. The first is frustrated by his preoccupation in gaining and sustaining the latter two with his iron foundry and the manufactory where he poured out into the famed Stiegel glass the beauty that languished in his soul for expression. Twice he marries without love, but till his death struggles conscientiously, barring one important lapse, against his love for a wild amoral creature of the woods who idolizes him. He is essentially a man of character and good heart.

The great name, houses and pompous resplendence he has built quickly disintegrate in the pre-Revolutionary financial crises. After the ignominy of a debtor's

gaol, one of the finest told episodes of the story, he is forsaken by family and friends, including the famous Robert Morris of Philadelphia. The characterization of the fallen Stiegel, with glimmerings of the Revolution in the background, is brilliantly done. Despite poverty, advancing years and failing health, the "Baron" at last finds a peace and beauty the lush days had never given him. He has discovered that "excitement is a short-lived thing" which one man can steal from another. "But happiness is deep. No man can take it from another because he cannot reach it."

NATHANIEL WOODHULL HICKS

BRAZIL, LAND OF THE FUTURE. By Stefan Zweig. The Viking Press. \$3

COMING at a time when South America is being regarded in a new light by the United States because of the strategic part it would play in an attempt of the Axis Powers to extend their domination to this hemisphere, any insight into life there, in particular of Brazil, a country larger than the United States, is of more than passing interest. As the author notes, his six-month contact with so vast and sprawling an area cannot give rise to a comprehensive survey. At most, the book is impressionistic, an attempt to answer a question of major sociological import, namely: what can be done to make it possible for people of different racial origins, classes and religious beliefs to live together in peace and harmony.

According to Stefan Zweig, Brazil has, better than any other country, solved the problem. Miscegenation is the key that opens the door to a systematic dissolution of racial and national groups and the formation of an unalloyed Brazilian consciousness. However, it is generally agreed among the thinking element of those with different racial origins that their distinct traits should be preserved, at least in the sense that the social extreme of intermarriage proves unwise, especially between black and white. The solution is not miscegenation but the application to society of the Catholic doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ.

In the chapter on the history of the country, the author acknowledges the debt of Brazil to the Jesuits who sowed the seeds of its future unity before their expulsion by Pombal. Nevertheless, in the midst of this high praise lurks a glaring untruth: "Loyola's Order does not want to start its work under control of the State, nor even under Papal control." This undermines the *raison d'être* of the Society of Jesus, a spiritual force subject to the will of the Vicar of Christ.

The descriptions of Rio de Janeiro, Sao Paulo, the ghost towns of gold-rush days and the old world charm of so much of Brazil are done in a style reminiscent of John L. Stoddard. Unfortunately, emotion is allowed to wander unchecked when Rio's great market of love is pictured glowingly and the wish expressed for an artist to paint those streets before they are sacrificed to civilizing morality.

EUGENE H. MURRAY

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INTO the quietly despairing home of Tom Steele and his invalid wife, Letty, comes Charles Tinker Larme, a curious fellow who is a jack-of-all-trades and a master of ruining households. For a time the Steeles prosper by virtue of Tink's domestic economy (he becomes their hired man); Letty all but recovers, Tom gets out of the red, the garden blooms magnificently. Just as the Steeles appear to be inaugurating a Westchester Utopia, Tink's guileless misdoings begin to have their disastrous repercussions: Bettina, the family servant, falls upon evil days as a consequence of accepting Tink's stupid but well-meant advice; Jennie, Letty's sister, thrown over by him, in a fit of revenge burns down his dwelling and fires the greenhouse; Mrs. Steele as a result of all these things and the flight of Tink, suffers a relapse. In other words, we leave the Steele ménage just as we found it—in a quietly despairing mood.

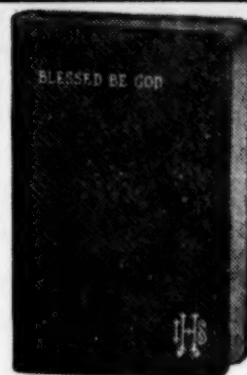
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THEATRE

ANNE OF ENGLAND. There is no denying that Gilbert Miller's new offering, *Anne of England*, on the stage of St. James Theatre as I write, is something of a disappointment to a large number of theatregoers. It had received an unusual amount of excellent advance publicity, of the sort that whets playgoers' appetites. It has a superb case headed by Barbara Everest and Flora Robson, the former a brilliant new-comer, the latter already established in our high regard by her admirable work here in recent seasons. Mr. Miller himself is something of a wizard, both as a producer and a director of plays. I know little about the original playwright, Norman Ginstring, and the two adapters of his work, Mary Case Canfield and Ethel Borden, but they should certainly have expended more effort.

A big and more than optimistic audience crowded the St. James Theatre on the opening night, ready to throw itself enthusiastically into what seemed certain to be an Occasion. And yet—with all this—the occasion was not so big. Possibly too much had been promised. Possibly the audience had expected more than any play and company could have offered. But I think not.

The trouble with *Anne of England* is with the play itself. The acting and directing are more than admirable throughout. The settings by Mstislav Dobujinsky are all they should be. But the play contains a number of big spots so thin that the audience sinks into them.

Only temporarily, of course. There are emergings and recoveries. There are "big moments" when Miss Everest and Miss Robson are on the stage. But it must be admitted that the effect on the whole is disappointing.

The story of the play is naturally one of intrigue—which in this historical drama takes in the effort of a scheming young person, one Abigail Hill, excellently played by Jessica Tandy, to supplant the Duchess of Marlborough (Miss Robson's role) in the affection of the weak and credulous Queen Anne. Anne, by the way, is given a few attractive qualities which make her appealing at moments.

Miss Robson's Duchess of Marlborough is rather disappointing to her admirers. She does all any artist could do with the character, and rises far above the part at moments, but the playwrights have seen to it that there isn't much in the role which even Flora Robson could bring out. There is some very good acting by H. H. von Twardowski as the Queen's consort, and he and Miss Everest certainly give us up to the hilt, the best written scene in the play.

Young Kemball Cooper, so well known to American audiences, makes a living figure of Captain Anthony, but Leo G. Carroll, an excellent actor, has a role that even he cannot make convincing. It is all very sad—except those moments of genius which Miss Robson and Miss Everest were able to give us. But the play will not be with us long.

ALL MEN ARE ALIKE. Another disappointment is the farce *All Men Are Alike*, written by Vernon Sylvaire, and produced by Lee Ephraim at the Hudson, with Bobby Clark as the star. Mr. Clark, alas, is not these days smiling as widely and ingratiatingly as usual. The new farce would take the smile off almost any face, even his, and yet Fate set him to work in its leading role. That also was too bad—and that offering, also, will not be with us long.

A good company, including A. F. Kaye, Harry W. Gribble, Cora Witherspoon, Ethel Morrison, Milton Karol and Rolfe Sedan, do their utmost to help the action along. But the action is the kind that should be staged on a running track or in a gymnasium. It is almost a crime to waste such a good company on it.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

SMILIN' THROUGH. The latest version of Jane Cowl's sentimental play has been given the protective camouflage of a libretto by the addition of a musical score, but it still recalls the caustic summary of the late J. M. Barrie's success as the triumph of sugar over diabetes. The plot is unchanged in essentials, and the story of a love that bridged the grave is managed charmingly enough by a cast glowing with Technicolor. Frank Borzage's direction emphasizes the romantic strength of the complications rather than their realistic shortcomings. Jeannette MacDonald plays a dual role, that of a bride who dies at the altar in a violent feud but returns to use her influence in behalf of her next-generation counterpart when the latter's embittered uncle bans a romance with a descendant of the original trouble-maker. Miss MacDonald sings a distinctive selection of familiar music, and plays with the delicacy demanded by the wispy tale. Brian Aherne introduces some welcome restraint as the brooding elder, and Gene Raymond and Ian Hunter are capable. There is a great deal to be said for this leisurely, nostalgic production but it requires an amiable predisposition on the part of adults. (MGM)

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH. Plays of another generation are resuscitated so regularly as vehicles for Bob Hope that his scenario department may be suspected of locating in the basement of Cain's theatrical warehouse. A complete job of renovation has been done on the James Montgomery farce, however, with dialog and situations tailored to the comedian's style. When an ingenuous broker bets that he can tell the absolute truth for twenty-four hours, his adversaries tempt him cleverly but in vain. Our hero hews to the line of truth, making enemies and antagonizing people, and acting on the principle that a woman who seeks flattery deserves to be told the truth. After a hectic night on a yacht, the latter-day Washington wins his battle and promptly sets about recanting his embarrassing truths. Elliot Nugent's direction is paced for farce and Bob Hope carries it off with excellent effect. Paulette Goddard, Edward Arnold, Glenn Anders, Helen Vinson and Willie Best are capable in a very amusing adult film which is not entirely free from suggestiveness in dialog and business. (Paramount)

TEXAS. The fact that this is a typical Western, lavish in execution and derivative in plot, does not prevent its being good entertainment for adult enthusiasts. George Marshall directed his story with vigor and an eye for stock responses. Two Confederate soldiers take divergent paths when one becomes a rancher and the other an outlaw, but they meet again in a romantic contest for the same girl. Justice triumphs resoundingly when the bad man pays the traditional price. William Holden, Claire Trevor and Glenn Ford are effective, with Edgar Buchanan lending a doubly sinister touch as a villainous dentist. (Columbia)

BUY ME THAT TOWN. This comedy melodrama is distinguished by a novel situation, in which a racketeer buys an unincorporated town and turns its jail into a luxurious haven for fugitives. Eugene Forde, whose direction is always cleverer than his material, makes a compact entertainment out of the story of the racketeer's transformation into a town father under the influence of a native daughter. The reformation of criminal specialists by the responsibilities of their town offices is a richly humorous touch. Lloyd Nolan is excellent in the chief role, aided by Constance Moore, Albert Dekker, Vera Allan and Warren Hymer. This is first-rate minor fare for adults. (Paramount) THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS



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MUSIC

ONE of the finest tenors ever to come out of Ireland was born at Athlone on the banks of the Shannon, June 14, 1884. He is John McCormack. L. A. G. Strong, who has written a charming and witty new portrait of this famous tenor, was born in Devonshire of Irish parentage. In 1912 he first heard John McCormack's recordings and started to make a private collection which now amounts to over 160 discs. He came to know McCormack personally and a real friendship was formed from which this new biography evolved. It is called *John McCormack, The Story of a Singer*, (Macmillan. \$3).

John McCormack was the fourth of eleven children. His mother gave him humor, gentleness and charm; from his father he inherited energy, drive and ambition. "If I had your education and your chances," Andrew McCormack would declare, "I would be Prime Minister of England!"

When John was three, his father put him on his back one morning and took him to school to the Marist Brothers in Athlone. From there he won a scholarship to Sligo College. He sang in the school choir and on feast days was promoted to sing solos. As an actor, his debut was not a fortunate one. Cast as Lieutenant Molyneux in the melodrama, *Conn, the Shaughraun*, he was brought to such a pitch of nervous tension that his most dramatic line came out in a novel way. "Stop!" cries the Lieutenant in the play, "If you put your head outside the door, I'll put a bullet in it!" Cried John: "Stop! If you put your bullet outside the door, I'll put a head on it!" The McCormack of later years, with thousands of stage appearances behind him, must have smiled at this memory.

John McCormack decided to enter the Feis Ceoil, the national musical festival in Dublin. He sang *Tell Fair Irene* from Handel's *Atalanta*, an aria of such difficulty that not for twenty years did he again venture to sing it in public. A young lady by the name of Lily Foley won in the soprano section of the same contest. It is to this same soprano that the book is dedicated: "To Lily—The Ideal Wife of a Tenor—I married Her!"

Soon after, John received his first out-and-out professional engagement. "I wonder," said Father O'Reilly, the organizer of the concert, "would you like to sing for me at Blackrock for three guineas?" Three guineas! This was riches to a boy of nineteen whose first fee had been five shillings. Is it necessary to say that he took the offer?

Concert engagements began to flow in, which enabled him to go to Italy for study with Maestro Sabatini. McCormack always considered this great teacher his vocal guardian angel. After making his operatic debut in *Amico Fritz*, in Savona, Italy and singing other operatic roles, he returned to London where he was to meet Sir John Murray Scott, who became an influence for good in McCormack's life. Arthur Boosey engaged him to sing at his Ballad Concerts in 1907-8 and it was here that he introduced Charles Marshall's *I Hear You Calling Me*, a song that was to sell more records than any other he ever recorded.

He then sang at Covent Garden in London with the great Tetrassini. This success was followed by tours of Australia and New Zealand and then came that breath taking triumph in America. This was arranged by that astute manager, Charles L. Wagner, and by McCormack's friend, Denis McSweeney. Under their able direction, he toured the entire country, and was acclaimed universally an incomparable artist.

Today, there is no one in the singing world who quite replaces John McCormack. No one sings the Rachmaninoff songs, the Mozart arias, or the Irish folksongs as he did for the delight and improvement of our generation.

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AGGRESSIVE WAR

EDITOR: Secretary Hull hints: "We are to fire at the Axis on the Seven Seas." Are we to patrol the world?

What have the people and the Congress of the United States got to say about this shooting the Axis submarines and raiders anywhere?

The time has come for the people to act. They must demand that this be stopped. Shoot in our own defense waters, yes, but not anywhere in the world. If we shoot anywhere on the high seas that means an open declaration of aggressive war. The President said in his speech: "We have sought no shooting war with Hitler." If that is true, then keep our ships away from war zones. Don't play with fire.

Are we going to clean up the Seven Seas? The American people have not been consulted about that and they vigorously oppose such action. The people are the ones that suffer, pay the taxes and do the fighting. They should have their say whether they want to start an aggressive war or not, by means of representative government, that is, through their Congressmen.

Philadelphia, Pa.

T. J. D.

ZEAL

EDITOR: We sometimes hear Catholics telling one another what could be done to inform those numerous non-Catholics who stay away from the Church, because they know more lies about it than the truth.

The simplest way to solve this problem would be to take the printed word directly to them in the form of booklets and leaflets. I have done just that myself during the last seventeen months, distributing into parked autos and letter boxes over 2,400 booklets, circulars, leaflets and newspapers.

I have found this to be a very effective and easy way to convey the teachings of the Church to others.

Address withheld

A. DE L.

CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY

EDITOR: Two items in your *Comment* (AMERICA, September 27) call for counter comment. The first is this statement: "Just because scholastic philosophy is taught behind the walls of Catholic universities does not make it Catholic, any more than we can speak of Catholic mathematics, Catholic physics, or Catholic English, etc." I grant that the mere fact it is taught in Catholic colleges does not make it a Christian philosophy. But surely you will admit that the philosophy of Saint Thomas is a Christian philosophy. Surely a philosopher who is a Catholic does not examine by the light of natural reason alone philosophical problems of the natural man when neither natural reason nor natural man ever existed.

Therefore it is quite correct to speak, indeed it would be altogether incorrect not to speak, of Christian, or if you please, Catholic philosophy. Or are we to assume that Christianity, the great supernatural truths of faith known to us through revelation, played no part in the building up of that system of thought commonly, but erroneously, spoken of as scholasticism?

The succeeding item in your *Comment* calls attention to the abysmal ignorance of the heads of philosophy departments of American universities as evidenced by a questionnaire sent "some years ago." It is very unfortunate that you have left your readers under that impression, for it simply is not true. It was true fifteen years ago when Father Zyburka made his investigation. It is not true today. The evidence? Another investigator

in a Western university has recently circulated a questionnaire to the same heads of philosophy departments asking them whether their opinion of scholastic philosophy had undergone any change in the intervening years. I have seen the replies; the majority know and know quite accurately medieval philosophy and the neo-scholastic writers.

I sincerely hope that no one will misunderstand me as holding that philosophy in our colleges and universities should be taught as an apologetic; perish the thought. I am merely trying to insist that the fine flowering of the Christian mind that is Aquinas cannot be understood if we assume that Aquinas is merely another Aristotle, clearer but not different. A whole new world, the world of the supernatural, illumined by revelation, a world that Aristotle never dreamed of, "conditioned," if you will pardon the word, the thinking of Saint Thomas Aquinas.

St. Louis, Mo.

W. J. MCGUCKEN, S.J.

EDITOR: For one, I have heard of only one case where philosophy credits were questioned (not refused) for the reason that you assign, that they are "merely religion courses." Even in that instance, the State University involved dismissed its registrar for the attempted refusal. I know of many cases where credits in scholastic philosophy are esteemed at face value. And even when religion credits are not accepted, this is for technical, academic reasons of various sorts and not for anything that can be regarded as hostility.

Again, presumably the questionnaire which you refer to is the one sent out about 1925. Its data is entirely out-dated in regard to scholastic philosophy's status in the minds of non-scholastic philosophers. What friendliness and curiosity has grown among non-scholastics ought not be stamped out by hasty reaction to a statement made, after all, not in a scholarly but in a popular magazine.

Also, very little of the better modern philosophical literature would definitely bear out the complaint that no dogma and no certitude is the first dogma of modern thinkers. It is rather the churlish use of dogma which seems to be questioned, for dogma can and has been misused by fearful or narrow or inferior thinkers, who use it as a club instead of as a light, as a barrier against thinking instead of as a motor to promote constructive thinking.

Not least of all I am troubled by your easy dismissal of the phrase "Catholic philosophy." Philosophy is not comparable to mathematics or to physics or to English grammar; it is comparable to an extent to Catholic English if you mean literature by English. Arts and sciences that have very different content, very different relations to theology, and a very different internal spirit cannot be properly so bound together in one comparison. Scholasticism does not need faulty comparisons to defend it. A philosophy worthy of a Christian mind must be taught with a Catholic spirit, even as English literature must be so taught to achieve its best cultural effect.

We do no good turn to Catholic Universities by not seeing in their spirit and content of teaching something that is distinctive and unique, for which no education outside the halls of Catholic schools can substitute. Even if Mr. Hutchins and his followers do restore metaphysics and ethics at Chicago and elsewhere, they still will be far from possessing a Catholic university or college. We can distinguish, but we dare not dissociate the natural wisdom of philosophy from the inspired wisdom of Christianity.

Detroit, Mich.

BERNARD WUELLNER, S. J.

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NUNS AND THE MISSAL

EDITOR: Nuns, as you know, are not given to controversial writing; however, where there is a question of justice as it affects thousands of women dedicated to the education of youth, it is fitting that some laborer in the Vineyard waive professional reticence and assume the role of protagonist. Hence, the burden of this reply to M. T. G.'s reasoning in regard to the question: "Why do not girls take the veil?" (AMERICA, September 27).

In the words of the writer: "I look for the day when Catholic school children will know something about the liturgy, when they will know what Mass really is, and when they will take part in the Holy Sacrifice and not be merely well trained rosary reciters. No wonder there are so few vocations. Grand as I think the nuns are, I think there is just where the decrease in vocations lies."

The implication here is that the Sisters in charge of the classrooms are to dictate to the pastors how the parish children are to follow the Mass. Now, it is generally conceded that nuns teaching in parochial schools are not infrequently found fulfilling a variety of offices, from church sacristan to sexton; but the day has yet to come when Sisters are to pose as parish dictators. In short, if children are to adopt the practice of using the missal as the best method of hearing Mass, the order must come from the pastors, not from the teachers.

M. T. G. admits: "True, missals are used in classrooms, but not in churches." Does not this go to show that the nuns are complying with their obligations as far as it lies in their power? Further, in justice to many of our Catholic schools and colleges, it should be noted that these institutions have introduced and encouraged the use of the missal at daily as well as Sunday Masses in their chapels. Hence, the neglect of this devotion is not so widespread as the writer would have us believe.

Texas

S. M. X.

PROSELYTIZING

EDITOR: A recent headline in the New York Times read: "Million Gospels Ordered." This was the largest order in history for foreign-language Scriptures; they are Portuguese Gospels intended for Brazil. The order was placed by the British and Foreign Bible Society in London and filled by the American Bible Society.

Will South America be flooded with Protestant ministers and teachers as were the Philippine Islands after the American occupation of 1901? The material progress of the Islands during forty years' of United States patronage is often extolled, but little is said of the religious havoc wrought on this Catholic nation of the Orient through Protestant infiltration, backed by American money.

The good-neighbor policy with South America may be expedient in the present emergency, but the open door may be the signal for a high-pressure campaign of anti-Catholicism on nations traditionally Catholic. The Latins who identify England and the United States with Protestantism apprehend such a thing. Will the neighbors to the south be put in the terrible dilemma of choosing between Nazism and Protestant proselytism?

Jolo, Philippine Islands

O. M. I.

MICKEY AND MARX

EDITOR: The article on *Mickey Mouse and Americanism* (AMERICA, October 4) recalled a tragic incident in child-rearing.

When my big football tosser was about nine, we answered an ad about a fine, modern house, only to move in and find it infected with live Mickey Mice. Being of brutal nature, I purchased a mousetrap. I "captured" one and was showing it gleefully to my little boys. I chanced to glance at the eldest who was white and terror-stricken. He actually looked at me with horror. (I was laughing.) Being of sturdy, blunt stock, he boldly

informed me with tear-streaming eyes: "You are a cruel mother." I winced, then told him to "dump the thing" in the ashpit. Planting small feet firmly, à la martyr, he refused and asked to bury it. I gave in and they held burial services for "poor little Mickey." His bones now rest under the mock orange tree! We had talks and I found that personification of animals on the screen had given this one boy a sense that even mice had feelings and were as human as we are.

I haven't anything against Mickey except "too-much-Mickey" and I'd like to see him alternated with colored pictures of winged fairy tales. Wings are connotative of God and angels. Mickey is connotative of—the evolution theory?

Denver, Colo.

EXPERIENCED MOTHER

VOCATIONS

EDITOR: Provocation for this letter is the series of articles that you have published in AMERICA about the lack of vocations among girls to the Religious life. When you have an opportunity, as I did not very long ago, of visiting a good number of Catholic high schools and colleges and seeing their hundreds of fine Catholic girls, you begin to wonder why a larger percentage of those good girls could not decide to dedicate their lives to the greater glory of God. Evidently, it must be because most of them do not realize the tremendous advantage of such a dedication. Is it impossible to make them realize it? Our spiritual directors and retreat masters are perhaps streamlining too much the Four Last Things.

If only some spiritual director could discover an injection by which girls could be made to wake up to the fact that Heaven really exists and that it offers different degrees of glory according to the real love and devotion to Christ that has been in this life by noble deeds and sacrifices!

I believe that if and when you can get a more profound realization of the Four Last Things under their skin, only then can you hope that more girls would devote their lives to the direct service of God.

St. Louis, Mo.

VERY MUCH INTERESTED

DISAVOWAL

EDITOR: This is a time in which many innocent citizens may be the victims of sinister libels through publications which have a wide mailing list but are not prominently displayed on the news-stands.

For this reason, and in order to combat an impression that may be widely diffused, we want to call your attention to *The Hour*, published in New York City.

For September 27, 1941, the following allegation is carried:

The Brooklyn *Tablet*, which acts as the voice of Father Coughlin in the East, carries a regular column, *Literary Cavalcade*, authored by William J. Grace and John J. O'Connor.

The September issue of *Roll-Call*, pro-Nazi magazine published by the notorious Fifth Columnist, William Dudley Pelley, features an article by William J. Grace.

The Hour would like to ask the editors of the *Tablet*: is it customary for the *Tablet* columnists to write for the publications of self-avowed Nazi agents?

Mr. Grace never heard of the *Roll-Call* before reading the above, never submitted anything to it, and the article that actually appears in it is not his, and has no correspondence to anything that Mr. Grace has written, in thought, tone or expression.

We have never made any statement about Nazism in our column, except insofar as to attack its principles.

In view of the fact that the matter is under legal advisement, we do not wish to make any further statement at this time.

New York, N. Y.

WILLIAM J. GRACE
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EVENTS

TIME-HONORED cliches received rough treatment during the week. . . . The ancient custom of comparing some impossible, super-awkward goof to a "bull in a china shop" will have to be thoroughly reconsidered, and perhaps revised. . . . In Springfield, Mo., a bull jumped off a truck while on his way to the stockyards, and pushed into a five-and-ten-cent store. He sauntered down the aisle to the china-and-glassware department, where, in the presence of the china, he behaved with the utmost decorum. After giving a thorough but gentle once-over to the china, he walked leisurely out of the store, jumped back on the truck, resumed his trip to the abattoir. . . . Another axiom took a nose-dive. The one which ran: "There is nothing new under the sun." . . . A new thing under the sun popped up—the radio heckler. . . . Search history through the Egyptian, Babylonian, Philistinian, etc. records, and you will search in vain for any notation of the radio heckler. . . . The phenomenon is something new. . . . And under the sun. . . . Into the official German broadcasts, gutturally enunciated by a pompous Nazi spokesman, barged the voice of a Russian interloper, crying: "Lies, lies, a pack of lies," or: "Haw, haw, what buncombe!" . . . And then a Nazi "ghost" voice began to intrude in the official British broadcast, poking fun at everything His Majesty's announcer emitted. . . . And a new twist was given to the new thing. . . . When a "ghost" heckler voice broke into the official Italian broadcast, the Italian announcer wisecracked back at the heckler. Said the heckler: "You are an Italian ass." Retorted the Mussolini announcer: "That's better than being a British citizen." . . . This new form of heckling under the sun opens up unlimited fields. . . . American sponsors of radio advertising programs can now belittle and ridicule their competitors' claims in front of the great air audience which is listening to the competitors' message. . . . The future of American radio may be envisaged as follows. . . .

Radio Voice: This is Station BUH. Have you ever tasted Whoofers' little cakes? They're cheap, and, wow, are they good?

Heckler voice of competitor: No, they're terrible. They're cheap all right, but they'll rot your stomach. Also, your aesophogus. If you're afraid of poisonous little cakes, play safe, buy from Phooey, the little-cake maestro.

Radio Voice: Do you want a delightful, clean shave that will make you feel spiritually fit? Shave with the Slasher safety blade, and see what real happiness means.

Heckler voice of competitor: Don't do it if you want to keep your face. Are you sensitive to the sight of blood? If you are, skip the Slasher blade and shave with the Lawn Mower Safety Razor. Two barrels of Lawn Mower shaving cream given away free with each blade. . . .

Radio Voice: Use Biffer's Soap. It's death to pimples, dandruff, boils, bunions, warts, ingrown hair and toenails. It'll lift the mortgage—

Heckler voice of competitor: It'll also lift your skin. Do you want to hang on to your skin? Do you want a skin you ain't ashamed of before your peers? Then, don't use Biffer's Soap. Use Skinner's, the soap for a healthy hide. Biffer Voice: Say who's paying for this broadcast? Get off there, Skinner. Folks, don't use Skinner's. No skin can stand it. Use Biffer. . . .

There is a heckler from Hell, a voice that competes with the voice of God in broadcasts to the human soul. Too many minds in the nation are listening to the heckler. He is breaking in on God's program and shouting: "Birth control, mercy killing, divorce, godless education are all good. Don't listen to God. He's reactionary."

THE PARADER